A

COLLECTION

Of the choiceſt

EPIGRAMS

AND

CHARACTERS

OF

Richard Flecknoe.

Being rather a New Work,
then a New Impreſſion
of the Old.

Printed for the Author. 1673.

THE PREFACE.

Before I give over writing, I have endeavored to set the last hand to these Epigrams *and* Characters, *especially the* Epigrams *since they contain the* Praises *and* Elogiums *of divers Noble Persons, whom I much honor, and desire that all the World should do the same. But being made at several times, on several occasions, I knew not how to range them, onely I imagined, as in a* Chaplet of Flowers, *it imported not much, which* Flowers *were placed the first, so all together made a delightful variety: They are little things, that launch not into the depth of* Poetry, *but keep onely along the shore, and to expect the* force *and* grandeur *in them of an* Epick *or* Heroick Poem, *were to expect the strength of a* Ship of War, *or bulk of a huge* Carrack *in a* Yatcht *or* Pleasure Boat,

mean time they are more pleaſant and delightful. Since, in ſhort Journeys we come always freſh, in long, always tired and weary to our Journeys end.

And ſo much for theſe Epigrams, *which I aptly couple with the* Characters, *ſince theſe are onely* Epigrams *in* Proſe, *as the others are onely* Characters *in* Verſe; *and conſequently, All that is ſaid of the one, may be ſaid of the other, excepting what ſhall be ſaid of the* Characters *hereafter.*

THE POURTRAIT OF *HIS MAJESTY*,

Made a little before His Happy Reſtauration.

Kings like the *Sun* in their full Majeſties,
Are too reſplendant bright for ſubjects eies;
But when eclips'd, then every one can ſee
Without that ſplendor, what their perſons be.
In which conjuncture, whoſoe'er has ſeen
This *Sun* of ours, may well affirm of Him,
His *Perſon*'s ſuch, as He for that alone
(His Birth away) deſerves the *Royal Throne*.
Such Majeſty there's in it, and ſuch Grace,
Both awing and delighting in His Face;
Without thoſe *Kingly Robes* adorn the *Throne*,
He ſhews more *King*, than thoſe who have them on.
His Stature's tall, and of the comelieſt make,
His Vizage oval, His Hair thick and black;
In ample Curls on's Shoulders falling down,
Adorning more His Head, than any Crown.
His Eyes are lively, full of flame and ſprit,
And of that colour moſt delights the ſight.

Royal and largely Featur'd all the reſt,
Shewing the largneſs of His Royal Breſt.
Then for His Exerciſe's, He in all
The nobleſt Gallants, and moſt Martial,
Even the moſt exc lent ſo far excels,
He's *King* in them, as He's in all things elſe;
And who'd be abſolute in every thing,
As well as Birth and Power, ſhou'd be a *King*:
Nor ſhall you e'er in any perſon find,
A greater ſtrength of *Body*, nor of *Mind*;
Which with long travel H'as improved ſo,
He know's what ere befits a *Prince* to know.
Not learn'd o'th' *dead*, but of the World and Men
Thoſe *Living Authors*, and H'as ſtudied them;
So as each Nations Wiſdom He does know,
And each one's Language to expreſs it too.
Whence He compar'd to other Princes, ſit
Dully at home, and nothing know but it;
Seems juſt like ſome huge Gallion does come,
From fartheſt *Indies*, richly laden home;
Compar'd to ſome poor *Hoy* or *Bylander*,
Who never farther than their own Coaſts were,
And never none to *Fortune* more did ow,
Than to *Misfortune* He for being ſo.
For *Moral Vertues* then, H'as every one
In their full height and exaltation.
Juſtice not clouded with Severity,
Nor *Temperance*, with ſower Auſterity.
And ne'er in none more *Courage* was, nor more
Wiſdom and *Prudence* with leſs *vanity*, nor

With

With leſſer Artifice, than or's *Paſſions* He
Commands ſo abſolutely and Sov'raignly;
As ſhews Him *King* over Himſelf, as well
As other Men, nor does He leſs excell,
In *Civil Vertues*, which adorn no leſs,
The *Royal Throne*, as Mildneſs, Gentleneſs,
Obligingneſs and Debonarity,
With ſuch a winning affability,
He more does conquer with a gentle word,
Than ever any conquer'd by the Sword.
Mean time He is ſo chearful and ſo gay,
None from His preſence e'er went ſad away;
Nor yet cou'd all His troubles, nor His cares,
Render Him leſs gay and chearful, which declares
His *Mind*'s above them all, and H'as within
Him, ſomewhat higher than His being *King*.
Juſt like the higheſt Region of the Air,
Where never Storms nor Tempeſts can repair.
For Your more noble *Courtly Vertues* then,
In which *Kings* too ſhou'd excel other Men;
As far as *Courts* do other Houſes, He
Appears in every one to excellency.
Dances ſo admirably, as your *Eye*
As well as *Ears* are charm'd with Harmony;
Knows *Muſick*, *Poetry*, *Gallantry*, and *Wit*,
And none knows better how to judge of it.
And as He is a *King* 'mong Courtiers, ſo
'Mong *Ladies* he's both *King* and Courtier too.
How happy are His Subjects then, t'have one
For *King*, Heaven ſeems to have choſen *Him* alone

To

To make them happy? One, they need but pray,
That as H'as born Adverſity, He may
But bear Proſperity as well, and then
As ſtill H'as been, He'll be the beſt of Men.
One finally, in whom y'united find,
Beſides His Birth, His Perſon, and His Mind.
All that which found in others one by one,
Raiſe them to heighth of Admiration.
The *Wiſe*, the *Valiant*, the *Majeſtical*,
The *Mild*, the *Gallant*, and the *King* in all.
More glorious are His ſufferings then, and more
Injurious *Fortune*, perſecutes Him for
His *Royal Birth* alone, who had He been
Born private Man, deſerves to be a *King*.
Such is her ignorant blindneſs does not know
His eminent worth, whom ſhe disfavors ſo.
Who'd find, if ſhe had eyes, and cou'd but ſee,
None e'er deſerv'd her favor more than He.

To His Majesty.

VOuchsafe *Great Sire*, on these to cast your sight,
Made cheifly for *Your Majesties* delight,
By him has cast off all Ambition
Long since, but of delighting you alone;
Counting it highest honor can befall,
To delight Him, who's the delight of all.

R. Watson.

PROEMIUM
OF
EPIGRAMS.

WHat *Airs* in point of *Muſick* are the ſame
In point of Writing is your *Epigram*,
For *ſhort* and *ſprightly*, and both *theſe* and *thoſe*
When th'*ear* expects it always come to th' *cloſe*.
'Tis but few *lines*, but thoſe like *Gold* well try'd
Out of the *droſs* of many *lines* beſide,
And ſays not *much*, but i'th' *Laconick* way,
Compriſes *much*, i'th' *little* it does ſay.
In every kind, be th' writing what it will,
'Tis that moſt takes, and moſt delights you ſtill,
And adds to all the reſt, no leſs a *Grace*,
Then *Wit* to *Sence*, or *Beauty* to the *Face*.
Poets can't write, nor *Orators* declame,
But all their *Wit*, is cheifly *Epigram*;
And both in *Verſe*, and *Proſe*, and every thing,
Your *Epigram* is writing for a *King*.

Of the difficulty of making them now a days.

BUt *Times* and *Wits* are ſo refin'd of late,
Old *Epigrams* are wholly out of date;
Nor is't ſo eaſie making new, as 'twas
In former times in our Forefathers days.
Then, ſo th'ad only *Rhime* and *Sence* to boot,
A little *gingle* on the words wou'd do't.
But now they muſt have *wit* and *ſharpneſs* too,
Or elſe your *Sence* and *Rhime* will hardly do.
Then, when they heard a *Clench* or *Nibble* ſpoke,
They'd claw you for't, as if ſome jeſt were broke;
But when they hear ſuch *Toys* and *Trifles* ſed,
Your *Wits* are ready now to break your head.
So goes the World, nor muſt we think it ſtrange,
That with the *Times*, our *Epigrams* ſhould change.
'Tis ſo you ſee in faſhion of our *Cloaths*,
And why not of our *Wits*, as well as thoſe?

In Detractorem.

I See thou art reſolv'd in ſpight,
To cry down every thing I write;
And I'm reſolv'd in ſpight of thee
To write ſo, thou aſham'd ſhalt be
Of thy poor *Envy*, and thy ſpight,
For crying down every thing I write.

Of Wits.

WIt's like *Hawks* are for the ſport,
Some are *long wing'd*, ſome are *ſhort*;
The *one* does flie ſo high a flight,
They often *ſoar* quite out of ſight;
The *other* far the fitter, for ye
Keep them cloſe unto the *Quarry*;
Nor too *low*, nor yet too *high*,
Of this latter ſort am I.

To the Readers.

Authors uſe to make you *Feaſts*,
Books the *Fare*, and *Readers Gueſts*;
Judgment Caterer, and *Wit*
The *Cook* to dreſs and *Seaſon* it.
And when 'tis on the *Table* ſet,
The *Author* who provides them Meat,
Prayes his *Gueſts* unto't to fall,
And ſays th'are kindly welcome all.

EPI

EPIGRAMS

To his Royal Highneſs

JAMES

Duke of York,

On his return from our Naval Victory. *Anno* 1665.

Greater and *Famouſer* than e'er
Caſar or *Alexander* were,
Who has both done, and outdone too,
What thoſe great *Heroes* cou'd not do.
Till Empire of the *Seas* we get,
No Victory can be compleat
For *Land* and *Sea* make but one *Ball*,
They had but half, you have it all.
Great Prince, the Glory of our days,
And utmoſt bound of humane praiſe!
Increaſt in *Stile*, we well may call
You now, the whole *Worlds Admiral*,
Whilſt mighty *Charles* with *Trident* ſtands,
And like ſome *God* the *Sea* commands,

Having so *gloriously* o'ercome,
What now remains but to come home;
And fixed in our *British* Sphere,
Shine a bright Constellation there,
With greatest pow'r o'th' Watry Main,
Next unto that of *Charles's* Wain.

To his Highness Prince Rupert *on the same.*

GReat and Heroick *Prince*, surpassing far
Him who was stil'd *The Thunderbolt of War*,
The *Belgick Lion* stands amaz'd to see,
A greater *Lion* than it self in thee;
And *Zealand* one all trembling for fear,
Half sinks into the Waves, to hide it there.
Ne'er since the *Grecians* cal'd the World their own,
Or *Romans*, their s was greater valor known.
And if there yet new Worlds to conquer were,
Brave *Rupert* were the fittest Conquerer.
Greatest *example* of *Heroick* worth,
As ever yet this later age brought forth,
As formerly the *Land of Britain* was,
So now the *Sea's* too narrow for thy praise.
And 'twill in time become the work alone
Of *Extasie* and *Admiration*.

On

On the Death of Her Royal Highneſs HENRIETTA *Dutcheſs of* ORLEANCE.

THis life of ours is like a *Garden*, where
The faireſt *Flow'rs* always *firſt* gather'd are,
The whilſt they leave more *common ones* like *Weeds*,
To wither on their *ſtalks* and fall to *Seeds*.
And ne'er than this was fairer *flower* known,
Where th'*Roſe* and *Lilly* both are joyn'd in one.
In which conjuncture does together meet,
All that was heavenly fair, and heavenly ſweet.
Hereafter then as 'tis your *Floriſts* guize
New names, for *rareſt Flowers* to deviſe,
And more for the perpetuating their fames,
To call them by ſome Royal Perſons names.
Thoſe that are *ſweeteſt*, *faireſt ones* of all,
We *Henrietta*'s by her name may call.

On the Death of the Duke of Glocester.

HIgh born and *great*, as any *Prince* on Earth,
With Mind as *great* and *high* as was his Birth.
Wiſe 'bove his years, *valiant* above a Man,
And had he liv'd to end as he began,

The

The World wou'd for him ſcarce have any Room,
So *mighty* and ſo *great* he had become.
Mean time his *life*, juſt like th' *Arabian wind*,
Did ſo much fragrant ſweetneſs leave behind,
The World was fill'd with *Odor* of his Name,
Ev'n when h'was gone, from whom the ſweetneſs (came.
Who's now ſo dull, when this they hear but ſed,
Who do's not know the Duke of *Gloc'ſters* dead?
The gallants Perſon *Nature* ever made,
And hopefull'ſt Prince as *England* ever had!
Let all who truſt this World now, learn by this,
What all their *worldly hope* and *greatneſs* is.

On the Duke of Monmouth's *going into* France, An. 1669.

WE to the *French* as much in *Court* did yield,
As they to us did formerly i'th' *Field*,
Till *Monmouth* went and overcame them more
I'th' *Court*, than e'er we did i'th' *Field* before.
How fatal to the *French* is *Monmouth's* name,
They ſhou'd be twice thus conquer'd by the ſame.
By *Valor firſt* in *War*, and now no leſs
A *ſecond* time, by *Gallantry in Peace*.

On the Dutchess of Monmouth's *happy Child-birth.*

NOw thanks to *Heaven*, what we have wisht for long,
And long have pray'd for, *Monmouth* has a Son.
His Lady safe deliver'd, and with her
Whole thousands are deliver'd of their fear.
Who hears this joyful news, and is not glad,
May they be ever *deaf*, and ever *sad*.
Now ye *Physicians*, you, who said that she
With so great danger should deliver'd be,
Who'll e'er believe you more? Unless you'll say,
You have *no skill*, and then indeed they may;
Or that each *Midwife* has more skill than you
In *Child-births*, then they may believe you too.
Mean time we clearly see you *Liars* are,
By these your false predictions of her.
And now to prove you greater *Liars*, may
She have many Children, and live many a day.

To His Highneſs

COSMO

Prince of TUSCANY;

On his Travels and coming into England.

Coſmo, a name that's all *Coſmography*,
And *Carr* or *Map*, where all the World you ſee
Seeing what you do, and being what you are,
You are the onely great *Coſmographer*.
If *Princes* then, like rowling *Balls of Snow*,
By travelling the World, ſtill greater grow.
How great muſt you be, who were great before,
And now by travelling, grow more and more?
Mean time your thirſt of ſeeing the World's (great
As ſhou'd th'Almighty ſtill new Worlds create;
Till there were *Globes* enough for every *Ball*,
O'th' *Medician* Arms you'd ſee them all;
Amongſt the reſt, at laſt y'are come to ſee
This other World of ours, *Great Brittany*.
Nor can you be but in your own World ſtill,
And 'mongſt your Kinred Travel where you will.
Neerly by Blood and Parantage allied
To all the Princes of the World beſide.

To Mr. Edward Howard, *Brother to the Duke of* Norfolk.

IT is not Travel makes the Man, 'tis true,
Unleſs a Man could Travel, Sir, like you.
By putting off the *worſt*, and putting on
The *beſt* of every Countrey where they come.
Their *Language*, *Manners*, *Faſhions*, and their *uſe*,
Purg'd from the droſs, and ſtript from the abuſe.
Until at laſt, in manner they become,
New Men and Creatures at their coming home;
Whilſt your *Pyed Traveller*, who nothing knows
Of other Countreys Faſhions but their Cloaths,
And ſpeaks their Language, but as *Parrots* do,
Onely at beſt a broken word or two,
Goes and returns the ſame he went agen;
By carrying *England* ſtill along with him;
Or elſe returns far worſe by bringing home,
The worſt of every Land, where he does come.

To the Dutchess of Cleveland, *on her new Accession of Titles.* An. 1670.

ALthough your *Graces Modesty* is so great,
You won't admit of your own praises yet,
We well may praise you under *Beauties* name,
And you and *Beauty*, *Madam*, are the same.
To ask then, what in *Beauty* we can find
To honor so? Is question of the blind.
Since all have any Sence or Eyes may see
It self alone is its own Dignity,
And *Monarch* like does in it self comprise,
All other *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Dignities*.
Th'are envious then at its advancement grutch,
Or think it can be honor'd here too much.
That might in ancient times if it had been,
Have chose what *Constellation* 'twou'd be in.
Either to have sat in *Casiopea*'s Throne,
Or to be crown'd with *Ariadne*'s Crown.
There is no honor underneath the skie,
That is for *Beauty* too sublime and high.

O

On the Death of the Lady Jean Cheney.

THe ſofteſt temper, and the mildeſt Breſt,
Moſt apt to pardon, needing pardon leaſt.
Whoſe *Bluſh* was all her reprehenſion,
Whilſt none e'er heard her chide or ſaw her frown,
All *ſweetneſs*, *gentleneſs*, and *mildneſs* all,
Without leaſt *anger*, *bitterneſs*, or *Gaul*.
Who ſcarce had any *paſſion* of her own,
But was for others all *compaſſion*.
To all *Relations* kind, but moſt of all
She did the *poor*, her cheif relations call;
To whom ſhe was ſo liberal, [as ſhe ſcant
Thought wealth her own, whilſt any one did want.
A Saint ſhe liv'd, and like a Saint ſhe di'd,
And now is gone where onely Saints abide.
Make much of her the whilſt, for Heaven knows
Your *Quires* will ever have her like agen. (when

To Mr. E. W. *on his excellent Poems.*

Poco & Bono.

'Tis not in *Wits*, as 'tis in *Horſes* found,
Where thoſe who run the faſteſt, get moſt (ground;
Nor doſt with *Books*, as 'tdoes with *Cattle* fare,
Where thoſe are counted *beſt*, who *biggeſt* are.
Some ſwell their Volumns up, and think it brave,
Like thoſe o'th' *Alps*, when they ſuch ſwellings have
Which other men, more *learned*, and more *wiſe*,
Do look upon, but as *deformities*.
If writing much did make a Learned Man,
Scriv'ners write more then *Learned Authors* can.
'Tis not *how much* th'ave written, but *how well*
Makes *Authors* famous, and their *works* excell.
A *little and good*, th' *Italian* wiſely ſays,
In which conſiſts a Writers cheifeſt praiſe;
And never any *Author* more than you,
Did in their writings make that ſaying true.

On the Death of her Highneſs Beatrix, *Dutcheſs of* Lorrain.

WHen this fair *Soul* i'th' World below did (live,
She had ſome *Angel* been, you would believe:
Thorough her bright *Exterior* there did ſhine,
So much from her *Interior* of Divine,
Her *Vertue* too, the more to blind our Sence,
So wrapt her up in every Excellence;
As by unfolding of them one by one,
You never ſhou'd to onely Woman come.
Yet do what *Vertue*, and what *Beauty* cou'd,
By making her ſo exc'llent *fair* and *good*.
She's dead, and we had honor of knowing her,
May well write this upon her *Sepulcher*.

She who alive *all* Vertue *and* Beauty *was*,
T'one in her Breſt, *and t'other in her* Face.
Now ſhe is dead, *juſt reaſon w'ave to fear*,
All Beauty *and* Vertue *too, are dead with her.*

To her noble Sister Madamoiselle de Beauvais, *now Princess of* Aremberg.

ALl the *Lay-thoughts*, Madam, I ever had
Of your fair Sex, are now Religious made;
By your Converse, and I'm become by it
Your Sexes honorer, and your *Convers't*;
For just unto your *Chamber* all do come,
As to some *Temple*, and from thence go home;
The *bad* converted, and the *good* far more
Confirm'd in *goodness* then they were before.
Yet all so chearful, one shou'd weary be
Of *Heaven*, as soon as of your company.
Which clearly shews *Religion* where 'tis true,
May be both *chearful*, and *Religious* too.
But stay — since 'tis a *theam* so infinit,
As we can never say enough of it.
And there's an *Artful silence*, as there was
An *Artful vailing* great *Atrides* face.
'Tis praise enough to say, That *she can ne'er*
Be prais'd enough, and say no more of her.

Queſtion on her Letting Blood.

Queſt. Of this juſt mixture and equality
Of *Water* and *Blood*, what ſhou'd the reaſon be?
Reſ. The reaſon's clear, forced to part with her,
Each drop of *Blood* for grief did ſhed a *tear*.

To the Lady Kilmurry.

WHen I would praiſe you as I others do,
There does occur ſo much to praiſe in you
As quite confounded, when I once am in
I'm forc'd to leave it off, e'er I begin.
What ſhou'd I do then, but at laſt conclude
As *Painters* when they paint a multitude;
Who having ſome o'th' cheifeſt *heads* expreſt
Under them darkly, ſhadow all the reſt.
So having ſaid y'are *beauteous*, *vertuous*, *wiſe*,
Under which *heads* I all the reſt *compriſe*.
So infinite I'm forced to give o'er,
Oppreſt with number, and to ſay no more.

To the Earl of St. Albans.

My Lord,

THough we allow *Fortune* no Deity,
Yet sure there's some such fickle thing as she
That has great pow'r over th'unwiser sort,
And next to *Vertue* can do much in *Court*.
For since in *Court* y'ave stood and honored been,
How many revolutions have we seen?
How many strange examples have we known
Of *Favorites* she has rais'd and overthrown?
Whilst none but such as you can firmly stand,
Not rais'd by *Fortunes*, but by *Vertues* hand.
Live ever honor'd then, ever the same,
Still more and more ennobling *Jermin's* name;
And live a great example unto all,
Who tottering stand in *Court*, and fear to fall.
How none but those are rais'd by *Vertues* hand,
Can either safely rise or firmly stand.

Of an unworthy Nobleman.

SEe ye yond thing that looks as he would cry
I am a Lord, a mile e'er he comes nigh,
And thinks to make his *Lordship* more compleat,
By being *proud*, instead of being *great*.
Behold him well, you'll hardly find enough
In the whole Man, to make a *Lackey* of.

And

And for doing ſervice to his Countrey,
His *Coach-horſes* wou'd better do't than he.
Such things as he, have nothing elſe of worth,
But *Place* and *Title* for to ſet them forth;
Being juſt like *Dwarfs*, dreſt up in *Giants Cloaths*,
Bigger he'd ſeem, the leſſer ſtill he ſhews;
Or like ſmall *Statues*, on huge *Baſes* ſet,
Their height but onely makes them ſhew leſs great.

Of a worthy Nobleman, or William *Duke of* Newcaſtle.

BUt now behold a *Nobleman* indeed,
Such as we admire in ſtory when we read;
Who does not proudly look that we ſhou'd d'off
Our *Hats*, and make a reverence twelveſcore off;
Nor takes exceptions, if at every word,
We call him not his *Grace*, or elſe my *Lord*.
But's rather on the *Off'ring part* with *Men*,
Then the *receiving courteſies* from them;
Well knowing how that *Nobleman*, but do's
De grade himſelf, who is *diſcourteous*.
The whilſt *Civility* and *Courteſie*,
Is cheifeſt part of their *Nobility*.
So thorough all degrees that he has paſt,
Of *Vicount*, *Earl*, *Marqueſs*, and *Duke* at laſt,
Has always gain'd the general eſteem
Of honoring them, more then they honor'd him.

To the
Lord Henry Howard *of* Norfolk *now Earl of* Norwich, *and Lord High Marſhal of* England, *on his* African *Voyage.*

COmmanded by your Prince, you did not ſay
For your excuſe a *Lion*'s in the way;
But by *obedience*, and your *Honor* led,
Even into *Africk* went where they are bred.
Teaching of *Subjects* by the haſt you made,
How *Kings* and *Princes* are to be obey'd.
And how they obey, but ſlowly and too late
When they *demur*, or elſe *capitulate*.
By your example then, who e'er are ſent
By *Kings* abroad, may learn this document;
How they but ſerve themſelves, and not their *Kings*,
Who onely obey in ſafe and eaſie things,
And how there's little honor to obey,
When *difficulty* and *danger* is away.
Let then your talking crowd ſay what they will,
The *greateſt danger*, *greateſt honor* ſtill;
And that, my Lord, you went to *Africk* for,
Let who's liſt, go and fetch the *Golden Ore*.

To the same on his Voyage and Return from Constantinople.

My Lord,

AS Merchants Trade for other *riches*, so
You Trade for Honor whereso'er you go;
And of that Noble Merchandise still make
A brave and rich return at coming back.
How rich then must the *Howards* be of't, who
Have such brave Factors for't *abroad* as you?
And are so honor'd for't at *home*, as they
Without *offence* and *vanity* may say.
As *God* first made the Light, then made the *Sun*
A great *reserve* for it when he had done,
So *Kings* make *honors*, and the *Howards* are
The great *reserves* of't, still you find it there.

On the Duke of Albemarles, *and the Earl of* Sandwich's *bringing in the King.*

THat *present* and all *future times* may know,
How much to *Monk* and *Montague* they ow.
By them that *great* and *mighty work* was done
O'th' *Kings* most happy *Restauration.*

A *happineſs* ſo general we may cal
It well, the *Reſtauration* of us all.
Whilſt t'one reſtor'd him to poſſeſſion
O'th' *Royal Fleet*, t'other o'th' *Royal Throne*.
T'one gave him full, and abſolute command
O'th' Sea again, as t'other did o'th' Land.
For which, what *Statue's* had erected been
In former times, what *titles* given to them;
And with what acclamations had they ſaid,
Whilſt to theſe *Heroes* they their thanks had paid.
"If others have their honors well deſerv'd,
"Who nobly have their *King* and *Countrey* ſerv'd
"What Honors ever can be worthy you,
"Who have not onely *ſerv'd*, but *ſav'd* them too?

To M. M. Davies.

On Her excellent Dancing.

D*Avies* who well derives thy name from him
Before the *Ark* did *Dance* as well as *Sing*.
Who would not think to ſee thee dance ſo light,
Thou wer't all *Air*, or elſe all Flame and Spright?
Or who'd not ſay, to ſee thee onely tread,
Thy feet were *Feathers*, other's feet but *Lead*?
Atlanta well cou'd run, and *Hermes* flee,
But none e'er mov'd more gracefully than thee.

An

And *Circes* charm'd with *wan'd* and *Magick lore*,
But none like thee, e'er charm'd with *Feet* before.
Thou miracle whom all men muſt admire,
To ſee thee move like *Air*, and mount like *Fire*.
Who e'er wou'd follow thee, or come but nigh
To thy perfection muſt not *dance*, but *flie*.

On Her excellent Singing.

NOr does ſhe onely *dance*, but *ſings* withal,
With voice ſo *ſweet*, and ſo *Angelical*.
You'd think ſhe were ſome *Angel*, and believe
The ſoul of *Harmony* in her did live;
And that for *motion*, and for *air* to boot,
She ſhe were all *Harmony* from *Head* to *Foot*.
For *Muſick* is but moved *Air*, and ſo
In-certain meaſure is but *dancing* too.
Whence in her perſon does together meet,
All that in either, is both *fair* and *ſweet*.
And they may talk of *charming*, but there's none
Knows every way to *charm*, but ſhe alone.
But now ſhe *ſings*, let's peace, and ſay no more,
For juſt as when we ſaw her *dance* before.
We wiſht our ſelves all *eyes* to ſee her, ſo,
We wiſh our ſelves all *ears* to hear her now.

Envoy

Envoy to this Book.

I Know not what the World may think of it,
That I ſo often mend what I have writ;
But this is all that they can ſay at worſt,
My ſecond thoughts are better than my firſt.

The end of the Firſt Book of Epigrams,
Corrected and Amended.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF EPIGRAMS,

ON GEORGE The First Duke of *Buckingham*, to my Lord Duke His Son.

THe *comlieſt Perſon*, and the *ableſt mind*,
For *higheſt truſt*, his *Prince* cou'd ever find.
Or to participate his *private cares*,
Or bear the *publick weight* of his *affairs*.
All which he bore as ſteddy, and as even
As ever *Atlas* did the *Globe* of Heaven:
Like well built *Arches* ſtronger, with their weight,
And well built minds, the ſteddier with their height.
Such was the Compoſition and Frame,
O'th' Noble, and the Gallant *Buckingham*.
Whence, though he roſe, as high or higher yet,
Than ever *Prince* advanced *Favorit*,

None envied his heighth, nor wish'd his fall,
ut who their Countreys ruine wisht withal.

These whilst he *liv'd*, your *Fathers* praises were,
And now he's *dead*, are yours, my Lord, his heir.
The winning carriage, and the smiling Grace
Of his exterior *Person*, and his *Face*.
The noble *Vertues* of's interior brest,
And in's example you have all the rest.

On MARY *Dutchess of* Richmond.

WHether a chearful Air does rise,
And elevate her fairer *Eyes*:
Or a pensive heavinesse,
Her lovely *Eyelids* does depress.
Still the same becoming Grace
Accompanies her *Eyes* and *Face*.
Still you'd think that habit best
In which her count'nance last was dress't.
Poor *Beauties*! Whom a look or glance,
Can sometimes make looks fair by chance.
Or curious dress, or artful care,
Can make seem fairer than they are.
Give me the *Eyes*, give me the *Face*,
To which no *art* can add a Grace.
Give me the *Looks*, no *Garb*, nor *Dress*,
Can ever make more fair or less.

On

On Mistress STUART.

STuart a Royal Name that Springs
From Race of *Calidonian* Kings.
Whose vertuous mind, and beauteous frame,
Adds honor to that Royal Name.
What praises can we worthy find,
To celebrate thy form and mind?
The greatest pow'r that is on *Earth*,
Is given to *Princes* by their Birth,
But there's no pow'r in *Earth* nor *Heaven*,
Greater than what's to *Beauty* given;
That, makes not onely *Man* relent
When unto *rage* and *fury* bent,
But *Lions* tame, and *Tygers* mild,
All fierceness from their breasts exild.
Such wonders yet cou'd ne'er be done
By *Beauties* pow'r and force alone,
Without the force and pow'r to boot,
Of excellent *goodness* added to't.
For just as *Jewels* we behold
More brightly shine when set in *Gold*,
So *Beauty* shines far brighter yet,
In *goodness* and in *vertue* set.
Continue then but as you are,
So excellently *good* and *fair*,
Let *Princes* by their Birth-rights sway,
You'll have a pow'r as great as they.

On Her Dancing in Whitehal, *all ſhining with Jewels.*

SO *Citherea* in th'Olympick Hall,
And, th'reſt o'th' *Stars* dance their Celeſtial *Ball*
As *Stuart* with the reſt o'th' Nimphs does here,
The brighteſt *Beauties* of the *Britiſh* ſphere.
Who wou'd not think her *Heaven*, to ſee her thus
All ſhine with ſtarry *Jewels* as ſhe does?
Or ſomewhat heavenlier, yet to ſee her eyes
Out-ſhine the ſtarry *Jewels* of the skies?
Onely their *ſplender*'s ſo exceeding bright,
Th'exceſs confounds and blinds us with the ſight,
Juſt as the *Sun*, who's bright to that degree,
Nothing is more, nothing leſs ſeen than he.
Mean time the rapid motion of the ſpheres,
Is not more ſweet, nor raviſhing than hers.
And 'tis not th'*harmony* makes her dance, but ſhe
With Dancing 'tis, that makes the *harmony*.
Next to divineſt *Cynthia*, Queen of Light,
Never was ſeen a Nimph more fair nor bright,
Nor ever ſhall 'mongſt all her ſtarry train,
Though thoſe in *Heaven*, ſhou'd all come down (again.

On Her Marriage with the Duke of RICHMOND.

THe faireſt Nimph of all *Diana*'s train,
For whom ſo many ſigh'd, and ſigh'd in vain,
The who ſo oft had others *captive* made,
And who ſo oft o'er others *triumpht* had,
Is *Hymens* captive now herſelf, and led
In triumph, to the noble *Richmond*'s Bed.
Nor is it ſtrange to ſee about her flie
As many *Cupids* as are Stars i'th' skie,
As many *Graces* as are Sands i'th' Sea,
Nor yet as many *Venus*'s as they;
But to behold ſo many *Vertue*'s throng,
About a *Nymph* ſo beautiful and young,
Is ſtrange indeed, and does enough declare,
That ſhe is full, as vertuous as fair.
And all thoſe lovely graces has beſide,
As e'er made *Bridegroom* happy in a *Bride*.

To the truly Honorable Mr. Thomas Howard, *Brother to the Earl of* Carliſle.

ALthough there's many of opinion are,
That *Honor's* onely in the *Honorer*,
Yet we may truly ſay of ſuch as you,
'Tis both i'th' *Honorer*, and the *Honor'd* too.
Nay, you'd be *Honorable Sir*, though none
In all the World, there were, but you alone.
As th'*Sun* would ſtill be luminous and bright,
Though all the World were deſtitute of ſight.
Let others glory in the *Titles* then,
And *Honors* they receive from other Men.
You have no *Title*, by the which y'are known,
Nor *Honor*, but what's properly your own.

On the Death of the Earl of Sandwich.

NEver was greater Sacrifice than this,
Where *Sea's* the *Temple*, *Fireſhip Altar* is,
And *Sandwich* victime offer'd up to ſave
His Countreys honor, by a death more brave,
Than ever *Heroe* died, though we ſhou'd ſum
All *Greece* e'er boaſted of, or ancient *Rome*.
O Noble *Sandwich!* While there's memory
O'th' *Britiſh Seas* thy *Fame* ſhall never die;

Who

Who 'twixt two different deaths at last wert found,
In *Water* burnt, and in the *Fier* drown'd.
As if to kill thee *once*, did not *suffice*
Thy mighty mind, but they must kill thee *twice*.
Or else to serve thy Countrey, thou didst choose
More than one *death*, more than one *life* to loose.
Let then the *Fabii*, *Decii*, *Curtii*, nor
Meltiades's be mentioned no more,
Who for to serve their Countrey chose to fall,
Our Noble *Sandwich* has out-done them all.

To the Earl of Ossery *on his going to Sea.*

MOst noble *Ossery*, who does possess,
So much of *honor*, and of *nobleness*,
As were all *honor*, all *nobility*,
In others lost they might be found in thee.
In these our *Wars* at *Sea*, where Death does stand,
With twice more *force* and *terror* than at Land,
Into what *danger* thou thy life dost bear,
The less thou fear'st, the more thy friends do fear.
But when we talk of danger unto him,
Who *life* than *honor*, does far less esteem,
This onely's all the answer he does give,
There's need to go, but there's no need to live.
So then, since nothing can be throughly done,
But where the Noble *Ossery* is one.

There's

There's nothing now that *England* needs to fear,
When *York* is Leader, and he follower,
Who's both in *Peace* and *War*, by *Land* and *Sea*,
So fit to serve his Countrey every way,
As for true *honor*, true *nobility*,
England had ne'er a braver Man than he.

On Welbeck *the Duke of* Newcastle's *House, where he entertained the Last King so Royally.*

WElbeck, a Royal Place, where every thing
Seems made for entertainment of a King;
And every one confesses, that he ne'er,
Was entertain'd more Royally than there.
Let others wonder at thy Lords expence,
And at the vastness of's magnificence.
He who wou'd hazard *Fortune*, *Life* and all,
To serve his Master, when his *General*;
For me I ne'er shall wonder, that he wou'd
Not spare his *Purse*, who wou'd not spare his *Blood*.

TO
Sir WILLIAM DUCEY,
on his Three Entertainments, of the King, Prince of Tuſcany, *and Prince of* Denmark, *all the ſame year.*
An. 1669.

Ducey, who bravely knows to ſpend,
When 'tis for any noble end;
And never ſticks at the expence,
When 'tis to ſhew magnificence.
For th' Royal entertainment that
Thou gav'ſt unto thy *Prince* of late:
The honor onely is thine own;
But what's to other *Princes* done,
The honor which to that is due,
Is both thine *own*, and others too.
In that th' art but a *private Man*,
In this a *publick Perſon*, and
Thy Countrey ſhou'd ungrateful be,
Shou'd it not always honor thee.
Who know'ſt ſo bravely how to ſpend,
When 'tis for any noble end.
And never ſticks at the expence,
When 'tis to ſhew magnificence.

On his Houſe at Charlton, *nigh* Greenwich, *where theſe Enterments were made.*

NOr ſhalt thou *Charlton* uncommended go,
Whilſt *Greenwich* is by all commended ſo.
Although thou want'ſt a *Barkleys* Pen to raiſe
Thee to that height of *Fame*, which t'other has.
Did *Thames* but at thy Feet its tribute pay,
As't does to theirs, thou'dſt be as Fam'd as they;
But yet it needs not, for thou haſt by *Land*,
As it by *Water* full as great command.
And haſt as many *Neiades*, as they
Their *Hyades*, who thy commands obey.
Thy *Champions* are as pleaſant and as green,
Thou ſeeſt as much, though not ſo much art ſeen.
And in thy ſafe Retirement from the ſhore,
Thy *fame* is leſs, but *happineſs* the more.
In fine, thy *Gardens*, *Orchards*, and thy *Fields*,
Yield not to t'other *Park*, while *Greenwich* yields
As much or more, (although a *Royal Seat*)
To thee for *height*, as thou to it for *great*.

On

On the Death of Charles *Lord* Gerrard *of* Bromley.

WHo alive ſo far had been,
He almoſt every Land had ſeen;
And almoſt every thing did know,
A man cou'd in this world *below*.
At laſt his knowledge to improve,
Is gone unto the World *above*.
Where his knowledge is ſo much,
And his happineſs is ſuch;
I wou'd *envy*, and not *ſorrow* ſeem
In thoſe too much, ſhou'd grieve for him.

To the Lady Gerrard *of* Bromley, *on the Education of my Lord Her Son.*

IF *Education*, *Second Nature* be,
You doubly have oblig'd *Poſterity*,
By giving, Madam, to my Lord, your *Son*,
Such *brave* and *noble Education*,
As gives him double Title to the Fame
Of noble *Gerrards*, and brave *Digbies* name.
Which while you give, and he does take ſo well,
Who merits greateſt praiſe, we cannot tell;
But all agree there's none can better do,
A *Sons* then *he*, a *Mothers* part than *you*.

To Sir K. D.

WHilſt with thy *mighty wit* we but compare
Our *petty* ones, methinks they *pigmies* are.
And thine the *Giant*, with whoſe vaſt diſcourſe,
Whilſt we'd be meddling ſain, but want the force,
Thy *wit* comes to't, and takes it up with eaſe,
Turns it as light, and handles as thou pleaſe.
Oh how I've long'd! when I've in company been,
Where I've ſome inſolent talking Tyrant ſeen;
Uſurping all th'diſcourſe o'th' company,
Whilſt none muſt talk, none muſt be heard but he;
T'have ſome ſuch *Tyrant-Conquror* as thou
Enter the Room, but onely to ſee how
My talking, Sir, would preſently be huſht,
And his *ſwoln inſolence* like a *Bladder* cruſht.
So have I ſeen ſome chattering *Pye* or *Jay*,
Fright with their noiſe, the leſſer Foul away.
Until ſome mighty *Eagle* comes in ſight,
When ſtrait themſelves are huſht, and put to flight.

To the ſame, Recommending a certain Memorial to him in Italy. An. 1646.

I Muſt beg of you Sir, nay, what is more,
'Tis a diſeaſe ſo infectious to be poor.

Muſt

Must beg you'd beg for me, which whilst I do,
What is't, but even to make you begger too?
But *poverty* being as honorable now,
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the Plough,
Senators sow'd and reapt, and who had been
In *Carr* of Triumph, fetcht the Harvest in.
When mightiest *Peers* do want, nay, what is worse,
Even greatest *Princes* live on others Purse.
And very *Kings* themselves are Beggers made,
No shame for any Sir, to be o'th' trade.

On the Dutchess of Newcastles *Closset.*

WHat place is this! Looks like some sacred (*Cell*,
Where holy *Ermits* anciently did dwell.
And never left importunating *Heaven*,
Till some great blessing unto *Earth* was given?
Is this a Ladies Closset! 'T cannot be,
For nothing here of *vanity* we see:
Nothing of *curiosity* or *pride*,
As most of Ladies Clossets have beside.
Scarcely a *Glass* or *Mirror* in't you find,
Excepting *Books*, the *Mirrors* of the mind.
For is't a *Library*, but just as she,
Makes each place where she comes a *Library*.
Here she's in rapture, here in extasie,
With studying high and deep *Philosophy*.

Here those clear Lights descend unto her mind,
Which by *Reflexion* in her *Books* we find:
And those high *Notions*, and *Idea's* too,
Which but her self, no woman ever knew.
Whence she's the cheifest Ornament and Grace,
O'th' *Age* and of her *Sex*, Hail sacred Place,
To which, the World in after times shall come,
As unto *Homers* Shrine, or *Virgils* Tomb.
Honoring the *Walls* in which she made abode,
The *Air* she breath'd, and *Ground* on which she trode
So *Fame* rewards the *Arts*, and so agen,
The *Arts* reward all those who honor them.
While those in any other *Fame* do trust,
Shall after death lie in forgotten dust.

To the same with his Emilia.

WHen *Poets* wou'd a *Heroinna* make,
Does all perfections of her Sex partake.
They make her *noble Fair*, and *vertuous* too,
All which perfections, Madam, are in you.
Emilia then is but a feigned name,
But you and she, are really the same.
Or, if there's any diff'rence this is all,
She's but the *Copy*, you the *Original*.
Being then your Pourtraict, and your *mirror* too,
There's none has greater right unto't, than you.
Who so resembles you, we well may say,
Emilia's you, and you *Emilia*.

To Mr. Henry Jermin,
On the demand, Why he had no higher Titles.

TIll *Noble*, *Gallant*, *Generous*, and *Brave*,
What greater *Titles* would these people have?
Or, what can they imagine more to express,
How great thou art, that wou'd not make thee less?
He who is proud of other *Titles*, 'is
Proud of a thing, that's others, none of his.
A thing that's but the *Title Page* o'th' Book,
On which your *Fools* and *Children* onely look.
Or garnishment of dishes not to eat,
But empty nothings to set off the meat.
Thou envi'st none their Honors, but would be,
Sorry they shou'd deserve them more then thee.
And 'twere in thee, but vain ambition,
To seek by other *Titles* to be known.
When *Henry Jermins* name alone affords,
As loud and high a sound as any *Lords*.
Be still thy self then, and let others be,
High as they list in's place, what's that to thee?
Their worth is all *without* them, thine *within*,
And whilst man fills the place, 'tis worth fills him.
The *Title* of a worthy person's more,
Than all those *Titles* which your *Clowns* adore.

And

And there's no *Office* we may greater call,
Than doing of *good offices* to all.
This is thy *Office*, these thy *Titles* are.
Let whose list take the rest, thou dost not care.

To James *Earl of* Northampton.

WHilst you your Fathers noble steps did trace,
And still were found where greatest danger was.
As none i'th' Wars more active was than you,
So none has since more suffer'd for it too;
By *Plundering*, *Harassing*, *Imprisonment*,
And all successful *Rebels* cou'd invent;
To punish *Loyalty* with, in such a time,
When being Loyal was the greatest crime.
All which you not with patience alone,
But even with chearfulness have undergone.
Wishing your dangers, loss, and suffering,
Far greater yet in serving of your *King*.
And that far from the mercenary regard
Of those, did less for *honor* than *reward*.
And you've the *honor* of't, let other men
Take the *reward*, you do not envy them.

To

To Mr. Bernard Howard, *Brother to the Duke of* Norfolk.

Seguite il Pocchi, & non li vulgare genti.

I Grant you Sir, I have a mind *unfit*,
For my *low fortune* far too high for it;
But sure you'll grant 'tis better have it so,
Than for *high fortune* to have a *mind* too low.
By that a *man* is elevated too,
In *Angels* pitch, attain'd by onely few.
By this, the *Noble Soul* is even depreſt
Into the vulgar, almoſt to the *Beaſt*.
This *ſentence* I have ta'en for Motto then,
Follow the few, not vulgar ſort of men;
And care not what the *ignorant vulgar* ſay,
For being not of their number, nor their way;
They do but talk, and can't in judgment ſit,
Nor lies it in their *verge* to judge of it.
I put my ſelf upon the onely *few*,
That is the beſt and nobleſt, ſuch as you.

To the Lord George Barkley.

IF as they say, and as we clearly see,
Vertue be onely true nobility:
There's none gives greater testimony than you,
My Lord, that your nobility is true.
And that't may so continue, you provide
By adding to 't true *piety* beside.
For *Piety* is but *Vertue* Died in Grain,
Can ne'er change colour, nor take spot or stain.
In which pure Garments, who so e'er are clad,
Are truly noble, truly vertuous made. (thou
Such Courtiers, Heaven desires, and such *King*
Desire too, if they'd have them great and good.
Happy the whilst, my Lord, are such as you,
Fit both for th' Earthly Court, and Heavenly too.

To LILLY,

Drawing the Dutchess of Clevelands *Picture.*

STay daring Man, and ne'er presume to draw
Her Picture, till thou maist such Colours get;
As *Zeuxes* and *Apelles* never saw,
Nor e'er were known by any *Painter* yet.

Till from all *Beauties* thou extracts the Grace,
And from the *Sun*, the Beams that guild the Skies;
Never presume to draw her Beauteous Face,
Nor Paint the Radiant brightness of her Eyes.
In vain the whilst thou dost the labor take,
Since none can set her forth, to her desert.
She who's above, all *Nature* e'er did make,
Much more's above, all can be made by *Art*.
Yet been't discourag'd, for who e'er does see't,
At least, with Admiration must confess,
It has an *Air* so charming and so sweet,
Much more than *others*, though than hers much less.
So those bold *Giants*, who wou'd scale the Sky,
Although they in their high attempt did fall,
This comfort had, they mounted yet more high
Than those, who never strove to climb at all.
Comfort thee then, and think it no disgrace,
From so great heighth, a little to decline.
Since all must grant the Reason of it was,
Her too great Exc'llence, and no want of thine.

In Memory of his Noble Friend, *Col.* William Evers, *Slain in the Battle of* Marstone-Moor.

EVers, who as thou liv'dst, so thou didst die!
Deserving an *Eternal Memory!*

Let some for th' *Macedonian* go about
To cut *Mount Athos* into *Statues* out;
Others in memory of Great *Heroes*,
Raise huge *Mausolium*'s and *Colossose*'s.
This for thy memory, may be enough
To make't not onely *Time*, but *Glory* prove,
To see thee embracing of a Kingdom stand,
Like some great *Cato*, or some greater hand;
And midst of thy embraces see it fall,
Drawing to ruine with it, thee, and all.
Who would not say of such a *mind*, 'twas fit
'I shou'd never fall, but all the World with it.

Of the Riches of the Barbado's, *to* Mr. Henry Drax.

HOw rich *Barbadoes* is in other things,
We well may see by th' *wealthy Trade* it brings.
How rich it is in *Men*, we well may see,
By bringing forth brave *Drax*, such Men as thee.

On Mr. Abraham Cowley.

Cowley's not dead, immortal is his Muſe;
Or, if he be a *Phenix* he's become,
Who match-leſs in his kind, his life renews,
And animates his aſhes in his Tomb.

The ſame in French.

Non Couley *n'eſt pas mort, ſa muſe eſt immortelle,*
Ou bien ſi Couley *eſt mort c'eſt un* Phenix *nou-*
Qui n'ayant ſon pareil, ſoy meſme renouelle, (veau
Et ſuruit a ſa cendre, animant ſon Tombeau.

The Praiſes of Burbadge, *or an Excellent Actor.*

To Charles Hart.

WHo by the *beſt* and *nobleſt* of the Age,
Was held the chiefeſt ornament o'th' *Stage*
And *Actors* cleareſt light, in no dark time,
To ſhew them what to follow, what decline.
Who knew by Rules of the *Dramatick Art*,
To fit his Speech and Action to his Part.
And of an *Excellent Orator* had all
In *voice* and *geſture* which we charming call;
Who a delightful *Proteus* was, that cou'd
Transform himſelf into what ſhape he wou'd.
And finally did on the *Stage* appear,
Beauty to th' *Eye*, and *Muſick* to the *Ear*.
Such *Burbadge* was, and ſuch *Charles Hart* is now,
All but the *deaf* and *blind*, muſt needs allow.

To Mr. John Dryden.

Dryden, the Muſes darling and delight,
Then whom, none ever flew ſo high a flight;
Nor ever any's Muſe, ſo high did ſore
Above th' *Poets Empyrium* before.
Some go but to *Parnaſſus* foot, and there
Creep on the Ground, as if they Reptils were:
Others but *Water Poets*, who have gone,
No farther than the Fount of *Helicon*;
And they're but Airy ones, whoſe Muſe ſoars up
No higher than to *Mount Parnaſſus* top.
Whilſt thou with thine, doſt ſeem t'have mounted (higher,
Than he who fetcht from Heaven, Celeſtial fire;
And doſt as far ſurpaſs all others, as
The fier's, all other Elements does ſurpaſs.

On Miſtreſs Jean Roberts.

Roberts, whom rather we *Rob-hearts*, may call,
Since of our Hearts, her Beauty robs us all;
And does it with ſuch gentle force and ſlight,
As ſhe even robs us with her very ſight.
Nay, what few Beauties elſe cou'd ever do,
Her ſight not onely robs, but kills us too.

Though

Though none so fond of life, was ever found,
Who wou'd not gladly die of such a wound;
Nor talk of *Law* to her, who is above
All other *Laws*, but onely those of *Love*.
Whence she's so high, and absolute become,
As she gives *Laws* to all, but takes of none.
Such priviledge Beauty has, whence we may see
Less Thieves are punish'd, great ones lawless be.
And mighty Conquerors, whom no Laws can touch,
Do rob and kill like her, but not so much.

The End of the Second Book of
EPIGRAMS
Published before.

THE THIRD BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.

To a Lady who miſcarried of Her Firſt-Born Son.

IT always has a Pious Cuſtome been,
To give to *Heaven Firſt-fruits* of every thing.
And in this manner, *Madam*, y'have begun,
By giving unto *Heaven*, *your firſt-born ſon.*
Mean time, you may be moſt aſſur'd, that Heaven,
To whom your *Son*, ſo piouſly y'have given,
Will liberally reward you; and for *one*
That you have given it, give you *many a ſon.*
Then, *Madam*, ceaſe to grieve, and to complain,
If *Heaven* who gave him, takes him back again;
Who might have longer liv'd, but ne'er cou'd die
For *you*, nor for *himſelf*, more happily.
Happy for him, has that good Fortune had,
'Stead of a *Man*, to be an *Angel* made.

Happy for you, to whom the whilſt is given,
'Stead of a *Son* on *Earth*, a *Son* in *Heaven*.

To a Lady newly Married.

HAving now wholly chang'd your ſtate of life,
From that of *Virgin*, unto that of *Wife*.
No wonder, *Madam*, at ſo great a change,
That every thing ſhou'd ſeem t'y' new and ſtrange,
As all great changes, greater ſtill they be,
Begin with *wonder*, and with *extaſie*;
But end in *joy*, and in *delight* at laſt,
When once the ſtrangeneſs and the wonder's paſt.
So thoſe, who to the *Elizian ſhades* do come
At *firſt*, are loſt in admiration;
Till they at laſt recover by degrees,
And wholly all their admiration leeſe.
Now marriage is this bleſt *Elizian* ſhade,
Where thoſe, who love like you, are happy made.
As you'll experience now y'are thither come,
And ſo y'are welcome to *Elyſium*.

To a Lady, too curious of Her Dreſs.

AND why *Clariſſa* ſo much *pains* and *care*,
To gain the reputation of fair!
When without all this *care*, and all this pain,
You have already, what you ſtrive to gain?

Beauty

Beauty and *Truth* need ſo ſmall ſetting forth,
All you can add to't, takes but from their worth;
And th'*Sun* and *you*, need far more art to hide,
Your brighter Beams, than make them more eſpi'd.
All other arts in you, wou'd ſhew as poor
As his, ſhou'd go about to guild *Gold* o'er.
And you'd appear as vain in it, as they
Shou'd ſeek by *art*, to blanch the *Milky way*.
Y'are fair enough *Clariſſa*, leave to thoſe,
Thoſe petty arts, are onely *Paint* and *Cloaths*,
And thoſe wh're of themſelves ſo little part,
They're forc'd to piece it out by help of art.
So *Politicks*, when th' *Lions* skin does fail,
Do uſe to piece it out with th'*Foxes* tail.
But when th'ave *Lions* skin enough, 'tis poor
And beggarly, to add a piece to't more.

To a fair and vertuous Lady, too confident of Her Innocence.

Madam, that you are *innocent* I know,
But men want *innocence* to think you ſo;
Who're all ſo *vicious* grown, they wont allow
That any can be *fair* and *vertuous* now.
In *Saturns* days, perhaps it might ſuffice,
When to be *innocent*, was to be *wiſe*:
But now without the *Serpents wiſdom* too,
The *innocence of the Dove* will hardly do.

You then must get you some more sure defence
For *vertue* now, besides your *innocence*;
For *Innocence* is *Vertue* but unarm'd,
The more you trust unto't, the more y'are harm'd.

The Ladies name in Enigma.

Her *first* name somewhat of *Elizium* has,
Her *second* is in a more mistick phrase;
That colour which shews venerable Age,
And does i'th' morning a fair day presage,
Unriddle now and tell, whose name it is,
Or forfeit a discretion if you miss.

On two married very young.

Love well was fained young, for then's the time
As *Roses* are i'th' *Bud*, when he's in's prime.
And such a *Love* as that, is this of theirs,
Who now are married in their tender years.
Now like *Soft Wax*, they fittest are to take,
The first impressions which their love does make.
And like young Plants, they'll easily bend and bow,
Which older grown, they'd not so easily do.
Make haste to th' Temple then, you do them wrong
To let them stay unmarried so long.
Marriage is but a bargain betwixt too,
With giving hands, and there's no more to do;
And unto those have given their *hearts* before
The giving *hands*, does add but little more:

For

For *Love* and *Marriage*, none are under Age,
Though for the *Bed* they're yet in pupilage:
Those sweets are yet behind, which when they taste
They'll soon repent, they made no greater haste.

On a Fair and Beauteous Youth.

WHat more than fair and beauteous Youth is (this?
Seems *Natures* cheifest Pride and Master-piece;
When doubtful, whether Sex to make, she made
One, who of either all perfections had.
You'd think him young *Apollo* or the *Sun*,
But that his *Face* has *two*, and th'*Skies* but *one*;
Or else, that *Cupid God* of *Love* he were,
Did he, like him, but *Bow* and *Quiver* bear.
Who e'er he be, you well may say, that he's
All that to *Beauty*, *Beauty* to others is
Of Grace and Ornament, and that has more
Than ever any Mortal had before.
Live then fair Youth, and may the *Fates* still twine
New threds of Life, and add them unto thine,
Till thou at length Immortal maist become,
As bright *Latona's*, or fair *Venus* son.
Which if the *Fates* and *Destinies* deny,
Thine own *brave* parts, and *Vertues* may supply.

To a fair Lady under the name of Celia.

Celia, who now are in your Beauties prime,
Courted by all the gallants of the time;
Who almost nothing else of Heaven do crave,
Than that for wife they might fair *Celia* have.
I'll tell you what your *Beauty* is, and what
Y'are to expect, when come to marriage state.
Beauty is just like Sweet-meats, which before
Th'ave tasted of, nothing they long for more,
But after once 'tis tasted and enjoy'd,
Ther's nothing with the which th'are sooner cloy'd.
Then married once, 'tis such a tepid thing,
And's *fiers* become so dull and languishing,
As loosing all its force ith' married breast,
'Tis *Ice* to them, that's *fire* to all the rest.
Trust not the *Bodies Beauty* then alone,
Than which, there's nothing sooner past and gone.
But if a lasting one indeed you'll find,
Trust onely to the *Beauty* of the mind.

On a little pretty Child.

PRetty Child! In whom appears,
All the *Seeds* above thy years,
Of every *Beauty*, every *Grace*,
As e'er was *sown* in Mind or Face!
By the *Bud* we well may see,
What the *Flower* in time will be;
And by the *Blossom* may presage,
What the *Fruit* of riper age.
Never by *Nature*, yet was made
One who more perfections had,
Nor ever, though she'd ne'er so fain,
Can she make the like again.
Thou art *Epitomy* of all
We *pretty*, *fair*, and *sweet* may call;
And for the more conformity,
This is th' *Epitomy* of thee.

To certain Ladies, who said they liked not our old Wits.

LAdies, you like not our old *Wits*, you say,
And what *new ones*, are those you like I pray?
Age perfects *Wits*, as *Time* does perfect Fruit,
Giving a riper taste, and relish to't.

And

And 'tis in such as you, a gross mistake,
No difference betwixt *Age* and *Dotage* make.
But 'tis the nature of *Green-sickness Wits*,
As 'tis of your *Green-sickness Appetits*.
T'one in the *Minds*, t'other the *Bodies Food*,
To like the *Bad*, and to mislike the *Good*.
Or just as *Heresie* at first begun
By crying down the *Old Religion*.
So 'tis perchance an *Heresie* in you,
To cry down *old wits*, and cry up the new.
If so, with your good leaves, say what you will,
Ladies o'th' *new*, give me the *old* ones still.

To a fair Lady against Masquerading.

SUre 'twas some one, who was asham'd, and durst
Not shew her face, invented Masking first:
And since t'has been a common Custome made
By such as those, to go in Masquerade,
But such as you, and all fair things were made
To shine i'th' light, and not lie hid i'th' shade.
Night's dark enough, and there's more need to add
New light unto't, than t'have it darker made.
And y'ave a *Beauty*, that's so fair and bright,
It is enough to make a *day* of *night*.
Beauty's a Heavenly thing, and those who wou'd
Hide that, wou'd hide Heaven from us, if they cou'd.
Not to be guilty of that envious sin,
Unmask your *Mask*, and let your *Face* be seen.

O

Or, if you needs will hide it, you may find
A ſpeedier way, ſhew it, and ſtrike us blind.
That were a nobler way for you and us,
You to be hidden, and we blinded thus.

Of a fair Lady ill ſpoken of.

AS 'tis a Godlike diſpoſition,
To judge and ſpeak the beſt of every one:
So 'tis a ſpirit diabolical,
To judge the worſt, and to ſpeak ill of all.
All have their faults, and thoſe who have the leaſt,
We ſhou'd account the happieſt and the beſt.
Tis the condition of Humanity,
None in this World without ſome faults can be;
And who'd have thoſe, with none at all, muſt go
To th'World *above*, there's none in this below.
And what are thoſe faults now they find with you?
Of which themſelves are not as guilty too.
Leſs Beauty be a fault, and then who wou'd
Not gladly be as guilty, if they cou'd?
As midnight Dogs then bark againſt the *Moon*,
Whilſt ſhe her bright conſpicuous courſe goes on;
So do you well, and then let them ſpeak ill,
The more their ſhame, the more your *honor* ſtill.

Upon one who ſlandred a fair Lady.

THou enemy of all that's fair and bright,
As *Fowls* of darkneſs, are unto the light.
Monſter of Monſters! *Baſilisk* of ſpight,
That kill'ſt with *tongue*, as t'other does with *ſight*.
Sland'rer of Ladies, and of them the beſt,
Th haſt done an act, which all men muſt deteſt.
Beauty's a thing divine, and thoſe who wou'd
Wrong that, wou'd wrong *divinity*, if they cou'd.
Who takes my *Purſe*, does but as *robbers* do,
Who takes my *Fame*, robs me and kills me too;
And with his venomous tongue, and poyſonous breath,
Does all he can to kill me after death:
But I miſtake, it is no *calumny*,
To be ill ſpoken of by ſuch as thee;
Thou rather praiſeſt them againſt thy will,
As he who cur'd by chance, whom he wou'd kill;
For 'tis the ſame thing rightly underſtood,
To be diſprais'd by th'bad, as prais'd by th'*good*.

To a Noble Friend of his in the Countrey.

WHilſt Men and Manners here, are all ſo bad,
As every one by example's worſer made,
You're

You're happy Sir, who in the *Countrey* are,
And nothing see but *good example* there.
Passing your time amongst the Countrey sports,
More harmlesly than we in *Towns* or *Courts*.
Who just as silly *sheep*, 'mong *bushes* stray,
Whilst every *bush* takes part o'th' *Fleece* away,
So ne'er abroad 'mongst company do come,
But we lose somewhat still we had at home;
Not onely our *ease*, our *quiet* and *content*,
But we receive far greater detriment:
Our morning thoughts are *Gold*, by noon th'are *Lead*,
And all turn'd *dross* before we go to Bed.
And every hour we worse and worser grow,
Mixture of company does abase us so.

On the Noble Company at Melchbourn.

Melchbourn a happy place, to whom is given
This priviledge by special *Grace* of Heaven,
As in no other place you e'er shall see
More noble, nor more easie Company.
Whose *Lord* and *Lady* of a *Dove-like* kind,
Live so united with one *Soul* and *Mind*,
Betwixt them never yet was other strife,
But who shou'd kindest be of *Man* or *Wife*;
Or with like emulation agen,
Who shou'd do greater good to other men.

All *Freedom*, *Nobleneſs*, and *Kindneſs* he;
All *Sweetneſs*, *Gentleneſs*, and *Mildneſs* ſhe:
No *Weather-cocks* of *humor* apt to change,
To day familiar, and to morrow ſtrange;
But conſtant to their *goodneſs*, and their way,
The ſame to *morrow*, as they were to *day*.

On a Ladies bluſhing, when the King looked upon her.

SO *Roſes* bluſh, when look'd on by the *Sun*,
As ſhe, when by the *King* ſhe's look'd upon.
And ſo of all fair things, we nothing ſee,
More fair in *Nature*, than the *Roſe* and ſhe.
If things take name from their *original*,
We well her *Bluſhes Royal* ones may call;
And if we've loſt the *Royal Purples* ſtain,
It in her *Cheeks* may well be found again.
Mean time as 'tis a ſign the *Sun* draws near,
When fair *Aurora* bluſhing does appear;
To ſee her bluſhing, when the *King* does come,
You'd ſay ſhe were *Aurora*, he the *Sun*.

The Pourtract.

SUch a Statue as we call,
Nor too *low*, nor yet too *tall*;
And each part from *head* to *foot*,
With a juſt proportion to't.
Such a fair and beauteous face,
As adds to all the reſt a Grace.
Hair ſo black and *skin* ſo white,
Never was a fairer ſight,
And her fairer yet to make
Eyes and *Eye-brows* too as black:
Forhead ſmoother than the Glaſs,
Where ſhe ſees her Beauteous Face:
Cheeks, where naturally grows
The *Lillies*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*.
Lips all other *Lips* excelling,
Th'are ſo ruddy, and ſo ſwelling,
Voice that charms you, 'tis ſo ſweet,
Made more charming by her *wit*.
Whilſt in none you e'er ſhall find,
A more fair and vertuous *mind*.
If you'd know who this may be,
Name *Bellaſis*, it is ſhe.

On a Famous Running Horse.

LEt Fabulous Antiquity no more
Boast of the *Running Horses* th'had before,
Here is a *Horse*, to whom they'd all seem lame,
Who ran i'th' *Isthmos* or *Nemean* game:
Surpassing far the Horses of the *Sun*,
So many thousand miles a day do run;
Or *Ginnets* of the *Adulasian* kind,
For swiftness far out-strips their *fire* the *Wind*.
Whom we had prais'd before, but that there's none
Had time to do it, till the race was done.
But now we well without *hyperbally*,
May say, he does not seem to *run* but *fly*.
Talk then no more of *Pegasus*, nor yet
Of t'other *Flying Horse* or *Pacalet*,
Whilst we have *Tancred* here, we well may say,
We have our *Flying Horse*, as well as they.

To an Enemy.

FOr ſhame give o'er, and let's be friends agen,
And ſtill remember w'are not *Beaſts* but *Men*.
This baiting one another, is but juſt
Like *Bear-baiting*, where thoſe who ſeem the moſt
Delighted with't, nor love the *Dog* nor *Bear*,
But onely th'ſavage ſport they make them there:
And what *Man*'s he, himſelf wou'd harm or hurt,
Onely as *Beaſts* do, to make others ſport?
For ſhame give o'er then, let's be friends agen,
And ſtill remember w'are not *Beaſts*, but *Men*.

On a little pretty Perſon.

SHe is *pretty*, and ſhe knows it,
She is *witty*, and ſhe ſhows it;
And beſides that, ſhe's ſo *witty*,
And ſo *little*, and ſo *pretty*,
That has a hundred other parts,
For to take and conquer hearts.
Amongſt the reſt, her *Air's* ſo ſprightful,
And ſo pleaſant and delightful,
With ſuch Charms and ſuch Attractions,
In her words, and in her Actions,
As who e'er does *hear* and *ſee*,
By there's none does charm but ſhe.

But

But who have her in their arms,
Say sh'has hundred other charms,
And as many more Attractions,
In her words, and in her actions;
But for that, suffice to tell ye,
'Tis the little pretty *Nelly*.

The End of the Anominal Eprigrams.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.

On his Acceſſion to the Poetical Academy in ITALY:

Under the Preſidency of the Lord Duke of Buckingham.

THIs ſo indeed, here's a free *Mart* and *Fairt*,
I now perceive, of all *Poetick ware*,
No *Tax*, *Gabel*, nor *Impoſition*, none
On any Merchandiſe, but every one
Brings what he pleaſe, and from the Lord o'th' place
Free *Paſſport* for it, and *ſafe conduct* has.
Mean time, all ſort of rich commodities,
Are here inſtal'd to take the curious eyes.
Pictures o'th' mind, ſo lively drawn, and like,
They put down *Holbeen*, *Titian*, and *Vandike*.

Damasks and Tissues of *Parnassus* work,
Surpass the *Chinan*, *Persian*, and the *Turk*.
T'on's richer vain, and *sparkling wit* contends,
With *Gold* and *Jewels*, either *India* sends.
To'ther agen for softer *phrase* puts down,
The Wool o'th' *Beaver*, or the *Swans* soft Doun:
Onely as I have heard objected, there's
Great want amongst the rest of such small *Wares*.
Your *Pedlers* use to bring unto a *Fair*,
Amongst your richer, and more precious Ware:
And for such petty toys, that none may lack,
I'm come to fit them, with my *Pedlers* Pack.

Something upon an excellent Poem of Nothing.

OF nothing, nothing's made, they say, but he
Disprov'd that saying, *Poem*, who made thee.
And proves himself maker of *Verses* right,
Cou'd out of *nothing*, bring such ones to light.
Which I (as *Creatures* him who does create)
Onely on *somewhat* dully imitate.
Mean time, I hope, say all they can agin't,
They needs must say, at least, there's *somewhat* in't.
Or granting it as good, as *nothing* be,
The greater honor still for *it* and me.

On

On Doctor Cornuto.

WHoſo famous was of late,
He was with th'*finger* pointed at;
What cannot Learning do, and ſingle ſtate?
Being married he ſo famous grew,
As he was pointed at with two,
What cannot Learning and a Wife now do?

Upon one Sweating in Cornelius *Tub*.

WHo's this that lives ſo like *Diogenes*,
For he liv'd in a *Tub*, and ſo does this?
Some *Anchorit* perhaps who here does dwell,
In ſolitary *Tub* inſtead of *Cell*?
Or ſome *Tub-Preacher*, who does take ſuch pain,
To Preach 'gainſt *Babel*, as he ſweats again.
Pox! Now I know 'tis one i'th' caſe he's in,
Sweats more for's own, than *Eves* or *Adam's* ſin;
And's in ſo ſweet a *pickle*, I ſuppoſe,
He's glad himſelf, that he has ne'er a *noſe*.
Yet he's ſo far from railing againſt *Women*,
And from repentance of his former ſinning.
He calls it ſtill the *ſweet ſin* of the fleſh,
Although 't be rather *powder'd* now, than *freſh*.
And as for *Woman* ſays, howe'er th'ave ſerv'd him,
A Woman made him, and a Woman marr'd him.

In Small-Beer.

HOw cold am I? with Drinking of this *Small-Beer* we may well the *Devils Julip* call;
Diſtill'd from *Lembeck* of ſome *Lapland* Witch,
With *North-winds Bellows* blowing in her Breech,
Or ſtale of ſome cold *Hag* o'th'Marſhes, who
Than *Water* never better Liquor knew;
A penitential drink for none, by right,
But thoſe 'th' *morning*, who were drunk o'er *night*.
Sure 'twas the *poyſon* Antiquaries think
They gave condemned *Socrates* to drink:
Or that the *Macedonian* drank ſo cold,
As nothing but an *Aſſes Hooff* would hold.
We are deceiv'd it was not *Niobe*'s moan,
But drinking *Small-Beer* turn'd her unto *ſtone*.
And that infallibly, which ſince has made
All *Charity* ſo cold, and th'World ſo bad.
If then *Divines* wou d mend it, let them Preach
'Gainſt *Small-Beer* onely, and no doctrine Teach;
But *Drinking Wine*, and then we ſoon ſhou'd ſee
All in Religion eas'ly would agree;
There wou'd be no diſpute, nor factious Brother,
To rail againſt the State, and damn each other.
This were a labor, worthy of their heat,
And furious beating th' *Pulpit* till they ſweat.

In

In the Small Pox.

'MOngſt all diſeaſes of *Pandoras Box*,
Was none more fowl and ugly than the *Pox*.
Not that for honors ſake, the *Great* we call,
But that more fowl and ugly one the *Small*.
The greateſt enemy that *Beauty* has,
And very *Goth* and *Vandal* of a *face*.
On which it makes as fowl, or fowler work,
Than's *Coſin-German Meaſles* upon *Pork*.
One of thoſe *Devils* which in ancient time,
Caſt out of *Man* went to the Herd of Swine;
And giving them the *Pox*, is come agen
To play the *Devil* as it did with *Men*,
To wiſh the *Plague* upon it now, that curſe
'T anticipates already for 'tis worſe,
Or *Great Pox* on it, we ſhou'd curſe but ill,
For 'tis more *Great*, in being the *Small Pox* ſtill.
Since then 'tis in its ſelf, ſo great a curſe,
There's onely one way left to make it worſe.
Let *Doctor* —— undertake its cure,
And with a vengeance that will do't I'm ſure.

The Patrons Lives to the Lord M.

MY, Noble Lord, if you would tell
How to live, and to live well.
Pleaſe you but attention give,
I'll tell you how the *Patrons* live.
Firſt of all, they never care,
Nor for *Clock*, nor *Calender*:
Next they ne'er deſire to know
How affairs o'th'World do go,
Above all they ne'er reſort,
To the *Buſie-Hall*, nor *Court*.
Where moſt part do nothing elſe,
But trouble others and themſelves:
All the bus'neſs they look after,
Onely is their ſport and laughter,
With a *Friend*, and chearful *Cup*,
Merrily to *Dine* and *Sup*;
Hear good *Muſick*, ſee a *Play*,
Thus they paſs the time away.
And if you like our living thus,
Come, my Lord, and live with us.

Of an Epicure.

AN *Epicure* is one of thoſe,
No *God*, beſides his *Belly* knows;
And who beſides his *Bill of Fare*,
Does for no other *Scripture* care.
Who for his *Pallat*, and his *Guſt*,
Has quite forgot all other *Luſt*,
And hugs a *Bottle* as he wou'd
A *Miſtreſs*, if the *Wine* be good.
Who lays about him like a *Giant*,
When he meets a *Morſel Friand*;
And ſo long has cram'd his *Gut*,
He's nothing elſe from *Head* to *Foot*.
When you ſuch an one do meet,
Or in *Tavern*, or in *Street*;
By his *bulk* you may be ſure,
He is a perfect *Epicure*.

In Pravos Aulicos.

IF as they ſay *Courts*, are like *Heaven*, and *Kings*
Like *Gods*, ſure *Courtiers* ſhou'd be holy things;
Like *Angels*, from which ſtate, when once they fall
As *Devils* did, the *Devil* take them all.

Conſolation

Conſolation to Porters.

COmfort poor *Porter*, every one muſt bear
Their *load* and *burthen*, whilſt they tarry here;
And every one, he who they will, are free
As well as thou o'th' *Porters* Company:
Nor is't ſo baſe a trade perhaps, as thou
Imagin'ſt it, ſince if that ſaying be true,
Great Honors are great Burthens, we may call
The *Porters* trade th'honorableſt one of all.

To one who ſpake ill of him.

THe ſame advantage thou haſt over thoſe,
Who have ſome Fame, while thou haſt none to loſe:
As Gamſters have, who play o'th' tick with one
Who has ſome money, while themſelves have none.

On Simple.

SImple made much ado, and much offence
He took for ſaying, *He ſcarce had common ſence*,
Till ſaying *He had, and very common too.*
Simple was pleas'd, and made no more ado.

Of

Of Friends and Foes.

TWo *Painters*, Friend and Foe, once went about
To draw *Antigones*, whose one eye was out,
At half face either; t'one in friendly wise,
Painted him so, you'd think h'had both his eyes;
T'other o'th' contrary did paint him so,
You'd doubt where he had any eyes, or no.
So betwixt *Friends* and *Foes*, Men are expreſt,
By halfs ſet forth, whilſt they conceal the reſt.
None as their *Friends* & *Foes* depaint them wou'd,
Beeing ever half ſo *bad*, or half ſo *good*.

On your Croſs-haters.

WHo will not be *Baptiſed*, onely becauſe
In *Baptiſm* they make the *Sign o'th' Croſs*;
And hates all Chriſtendom in ſuch a manner,
Becauſe they bear the Sign o'th' Croſs for *Banner*.
Who with the *Croſs* makes as unchriſtian work,
Where e'er he comes, as *Pagan*, *Jew*, or *Turk*,
And cheifly hates the *Papiſts*, as he does
For making as they do, the *Sign o'th' Croſs*.
To ſhew in fine, how well the *Devil* and he
In hating of the *Sign o'th' Croſs* agree.
Seeing how every one in *Swimming* does (Croſs,
Stretch forth their Arms, and makes the Sign o'th'
Were he to *Swim* sooner than make I think
The *Sign o'th' Croſs*, he'd rather chuſe to ſink.

To his Horſe at Graſs in a Friends Park.

After my hearty commendations,
Hoping thou haſt nor *Bots*, nor *Faſhions*;
But art in good health, and as pleaſant,
As I'm at writing of this preſent.
This is to let thee underſtand,
I ſhall be with thee out of hand;
In the mean time, be ſure thou fly
All ſuch unruly company,
May lead thee over *Hedge* and *Ditches*,
As they had *Bryers* in their *Breeches*,
Till thou in doleful dumps be'ſt found
Half ſtarv'd, at laſt, in Countrey pound.
I need not bid thee now beware
Of playing *Horſe* tricks there with *Mare*.
For th'art by him, they call *Sow-gelder*,
Quite marr'd for getting *Hans in Kelder*;
And ſo long there is no great danger,
Thou ſhou'dſt, or *Stallion* prove or *Ranger*.
'Bove all, if *Serving-man* or *Groom*
To take thee up, does flattering come.
With Bridle in hand, and *Oats* in Sieve,
Run from them faſt as thou canſt drive;
For if they once but get that haunt,
Imployment thou ſhalt never want.

Grey

Grey Flecknoe here, *Grey Flecknoe* there,
Grey Flecknoe must go every where;
And unto every one does *back* thee,
At last become the common *Hackney*:
So hoping in my absence, that
Th'wilt feed so well, and grow so fat,
As to recover strength and force,
That I may say *Gramercy* Horse.
Farewel *Good Cut*, as I remember
The Three and twentieth of *September*.

On Madam Tumbril *in* Burlesque *Verse.*

TO tell you what Dame *Tumbril* was,
For *Beauty* both of *Person* and *Face*;
Without any long and tedious preamble,
As *Poets* use when they run on the ramble.
Her face was *good*, if for goodness, at least,
It goes, as in *Bucklers*, the broadest the best;
And *person* fair, if for *fairness* it goes
In such as she, as in *Bullocks* it does.
In plain terms, without mincing the matter,
She had a *face* as broad as a *Platter*,
And *person*, such as to see it, you'd fansie
Some huge *Dutch Jug* were come from beyond Sea.
Then an *Arithmetician* 'twould trouble,
To count her *Chins*, th'were so many fold double;

Which made her look lik a *Bawd* or a *Widwife*,
Or old Madam *Bennet*, or *Urſly* the *Pigwife*.
As for the qualities of her interior,
They ſay to the reſt, are nothing inferior:
I leave them to thoſe, who better do know her
Interior than I, and ſo I give over.

On your Juſtices of Peace's making Marriages.

NOw juſt as 'twas in *Saturn*'s raign,
The *Golden Age* is return'd again.
And again *Aſtrea* amongſt us is come,
When every thing by *Juſtice* is done.
Who now not onely in *Temporal* matters,
But alſo in *Spiritual* looks to our waters:
And *Parſon* and *Vicar*, have nothing to do,
Now *Juſtice* has making of Marriages too.
Before, of *Wedlock* they made but a mock,
When once th'had the trick of picking the *Lock*;
And *Marriage Bonds* ſo ſlightly were tide
Their running knot, wou'd eaſily ſlide.
And at the worſt, when ever 'twas ſlipt
For pennance, perhaps they onely were whipt.
But now there is no ſlipping the Halter,
ut ſtrait they are hang'd, if any do falter.
o every thing does fall out right,
And, that old *Proverb* is verifi'd by't,

That

That marriage and hanging both go together.
When *Juſtice* ſhall have the ordring of either.

On Married Miniſters.

IF both i'th' *Spiritual* and *Temporal* War,
Their *Wives* but *Baggages* i'th' Armies are:
We well may ſay, Your *Miniſters* who marry
Whilſt others fight, do with the *Baggage* tarry.

In Invideum.

WHen e'er thou ſeeſt me take *delight*,
In any thing, thou *burſts with ſpight*;
And ſo thou doſt at every thing
That does me any *profit* bring.
Thou *burſts with ſpight* to ſee that I
Am ſtill in Noble Company,
And *honor* I receive from them,
Does make *thee burſt with ſpight agen.*
If then my *profit*, my *delight*,
And *pleaſure*, makes *thee burſt with ſpight*:
And all my *good* does prove thy *ill*,
I prithee *burſt with ſpight* oft'ſtill.

On

On Madam

OF *Madam*, it may well be ſed,
That *Madam*'s Head has little *wit*;
When *Madam*'s Husband is her head,
And *Madam* makes a *fool* of it.

On a Hector, *Pitifully beaten and drag'd away by the Watch and Conſtable.*

STill to be drag'd ſtill to be beaten thus?
Hector, I fear, thy *name* is ominous,
And thou for fighting, didſt but ill provide
To take thy *name* thus from the beaten ſide.
To have the *Watch*, like Band of *Mirmidons*,
Beat thee with Halberts down, and break thy bones,
And every *Petty Conſtable* thou meets
Achillis-like to drag thee through the ſtreets,
Poor *Hector*! When th'art beaten blind and lame,
I hope thou't learn to take another name.

On an Avaricious Perſon.

WHo wholly ſpends his life in getting wealth,
And to increaſe his ſtore, conſums himſelf;
To me does verier Fool than him appear,
Who ſold his Horſe, to buy him Provender.
Money's like Muck that's profitable, while
'Tis ſpred abroad, and does inrich a Soyl.
But when 'tis heap'd and hoarded up, methinks
'Tis like a *Dunghil* that lies ſtill and ſtinks.

On his dim Sight.

I Who in former times cou'd never brook,
On any thing, but what was *great* to look.
Mine *eyes grown dim*, this by't, at leaſt, do get,
I nothing now can ſee, but what is *great*;
A hundred other benefits beſide,
I've gotten now by being ſo dimly eyed.
The greateſt *Beauties* now I mind no more,
Than e'er I did the meaneſt ones before.
And *vanities of the World*, I ſo paſs by
With a neglective irretorted eye.
Of all its pleaſures I have Ambition none,
So careleſs, and ſo unconcern'd I'm grown.

Let

Let whoſe liſt then, complain of want of ſight,
For me I've got ſo great a benefit by't.
As rightly weigh'd, and rightly underſtood,
I wou'd not now ſee better, if I cou'd.

The End of the Fourth Book
of Drolling Epigrams.

Divine and *Moral*

EPIGRAMS,

DEDICATED

To Her Majesty,

CATHERINE

OF

PORTUGAL,

Queen of

Great Britain, &c.

MADAM,

As never any stranger was more obliged than I, unto the King *Your Majesties Father; so never any had greater desire than I, to make acknowledgment of it to Your Majesty: But living in* obscurity, *retired from the* Light of Court, *and making no* Figure *there, I imagined it would have no Grace for such a* Shaddow *and* Cypher *as I, to present my self unto Your Majesty; and other presents I had none, but onely such as this, which by its Littleness, shews the Greatness of my desire to declare my self,*

Madam,

Your Majesties

In all Humility

and Devotions

Rich. Fleckno

To Her Majesty.
Of the Dignity and Efficacy of Prayer.

AS by the *Sun* we set our *Dials*, so,
Madam, we set our *Pieties* by You; (be,
Without whose *light*, we shou'd in darkness
And nothing truly good, nor vertuous see.
You in the *Temple* so assidual are,
Your whole life seems but one contrived Pray'r,
And every place an *Oratory* you make,
When from the *Temple* Y'are returned back.
Like vapors *Prayers* ascend, and *Heaven* in Rain
Of Blessings, show'rs them down on us again;
And if *Heaven* suffers violence, from whence,
But onely *Pray'r*, proceeds this violence?
O mighty *Pray'r* that canst such wonders do,
To force both *Heaven*, and the *Almighty* too!
Fools were those *Giants* then, since, if instead
Of heaping *Hills* on *Hills*, as once they did,
They had but heapt up *Pray'rs* on *Pray'rs* as fast,
They might have eas'ly conquer'd *Heaven* at last.

On the Birth of our B. S.

After the *glory* given to *God* on high,
Upon this day at his Nativity;
If any one be curious to know,
What *peace* it was, was given to Men below.
That *peace of God*, infallibly it was,
All mortal understanding does surpass;
Onely the *low* and *humble* do obtain,
Whilst by the *proud* and *high*, 'tis sought in vain.
Seek then to know no farther, but be wise,
This is the *Mystery* of *Mysteries*
After which, none that any Reason hath
Can doubt of any Mystery of Faith;
That *God*'s a *Man*, and's *Mother Virgin* is,
What can be more miraculous than this?

On the Magiis *following the Star.*

Other *Astrologers* of opinion were,
That all the *World* was lesser than a *Star*;
But these, it seems, believed it alone,
Who strait left all the *World*, to follow one.

On the Circumcision of our B. S.

HOw soon, *O Lord*, to day didst thou begin,
To shed thy *precious Blood*, when first was seen
Spring forth the *Fountain* of that *precious Blood*,
Which in thy *Passion*, ended in a *Flood*?

On the Death and Passion of our B. S.

O *Blessed Lord!* And wou'dst thou die
For such a wretched worm as I!
This of thy love's so great a proof,
Angels can ne'er admire enough;
And all the *love* by far transcends
Of Parents, and of dearest Friends.
To have such a benefit bestow'd,
Wou'dundo any, but a *God*;
And *Love* itself, make *Bankrupt* oo,
By leaving't nothing more to do.
Had any *King* done this for me,
What wondring at it, wou'd there be!
And wondring at it, now there's none,
When by a *God* himself 'tis done.
Strange blindness! Man shou'd more esteem
A benefit bestow'd on him,
By *Earthly Kings*, than what is given
Unto him, by the King of *Heaven!*

Of Easter *and* Christmas.

OF *Easter*, a great word was said,
This is the day the Lord has made.
Of *Christmas*, yet a greater word,
This is the day that made the Lord.

On these words of our B. S.

O Woman, great is thy Faith!

O *Lord*, when shall our Faiths be praised thus,
And we deserve t'have these words said of us?
Others count all things possible to thee,
We nothing possible, but what we see.
They more to *Faith*, than *Sence* do credit give,
We more our *Sences*, than our *Faith* believe:
They believe all, we but believe by halfs,
Their *Faiths* are *Giants*, ours but onely *Dwarfs*.

On these words of our B. S.

Be perfect, &c.

YOu bid us to be perfect *Lord*, and we
Continue still imperfect as we be.
What should we say, *O Lord*, but onely this,
Give what you bid, and bid us what you please.

On these words of our B. S.

I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THou art the *Way*, the *Truth*, and *Life*, thou (sayst,
As well thou may'st.
What Fool is he then wou'd forsake the *Way*,
And go astray?
What fool is he who wou'd the *Truth* refuse,
And falshood chuse?
But above all, what fool and Madman's he,
Wou'd forsake thee?
The onely *Eternal Life*, and chuse to die
Eternally?

On these words of the Apostle.

Nihil ex me possum facere, & omnia possum meo qui me confortat.

HAppy are those who doubly armed are,
Against *presumption*, and against *despair*;
By the *Apostles* words, who first does say that *Man*
Without *Gods* help of himself nothing can.
And next, that he can all things do agen,
By *Gods* assistance, and his helping him.

The saying of a certain Holy Man.

MY *God* and I, can all things do said one,
And if it seems too great presumption,
To name himself with *God*, 'tis without doubt
Greater, for *Man* to name himself *without*.

On our B. S. *curing the Leper.*

O *Lord*, thou know'st how most infirm I am,
Blind unto *Truth*, and unto *Vertue* lame.
O therefore thou who makes the *Blind* to see,
And *Lame* to go; help my infirmity.
I know, *O Lord*, thou onely needst to say,
Be cur'd, as thou to th' *Leper*, didst to day;
And thou dost know, so great's my misery,
As I've a fouler *Leprosie* than he;
For mine's not onely in the outward skin,
But in the very *heart* and mind within.
And does not onely make the Body foul,
But even infects, and taints the very soul.
Thou then who onely miracles canst do,
O Lord, as thou *cur'dst* him, so *cure* me too.

O

On the Picture of a Weeping Magdalen.

ART as well as *Nature*, con'd
Have made a *ſpeaking* if it wou'd,
As well as *weeping Magdalen*;
But that it is the nobler way
In thoſe who truly love, they ſay,
To ſuffer, and never to complain.

On the rooting out of Vice.

VICE is in Man, as *Weeds* in *Gardens* are,
Which leſs we daily take eſpecial care
To root up as they grow, do ſprout faſt,
We ſhould be quite o'ergrown with them at laſt.
More ſhame for us, that every *Gard'ner* then,
Shou'd take more care to keep his *Garden* clean;
Than we our ſelves, and with a hand more nice
Purge it from *Weeds*, than we our ſelves from *Vice*.

The Harm of Procraſtination.

THey ſay, *Repentance never comes too late,*
But let not *ſinners* be deceiv'd with that.
How many *ſinners*, have unto their ſorrow,
Loſt *Heaven*, by putting't off, until to morrow:
And *Hell* is full of thoſe who ſinning cry'd,
To *morrow* ſtill, till unawars they dyed.
Don't then thoſe *Croaking-Ravens* imitate,
Who cry *Cras, Cras*, until it be too late;
But leaving of this damned cry, lets ſay,
To *morrow* is too late, begin to *day*.

On the hearing of the Word *of* God.

IF onely thoſe as *Scripture* makes it clear,
Who have the Spirit of God, Gods Word will (hear,
We well may doubt what ſpirit makes abode,
In thoſe who will not hear the Word of God.
Since long Diſcourſes they'll not hearken to,
I make theſe ſhort, to ſee what that will do.

On

On Sin.

WHo would but think, when th'are about to (sin,
O'th' pains that *sinners* for't, in *Hell* are in:
They'd sooner chuse to burn i'th' *Fire* we have here
A thousand times, than in the *Fire* th'ave there.
This, if thou do'st believe, I see not how
Thou canst a *sinner* be, and if that thou
Dost not believe it, then I do not see,
How thou canst possibly a *Christian* be.

On the same.

THou fear'st the sight of *Men*, when thou dost (ill,
Why not the sight of *God*, who sees thee still?

Of Death.

Death like a Theif will come i'th'night, they (say,
And unawares will steal our lives away.
'T imports us then to stand upon our guard,
For fear it come and take us unprepar'd:
And since it waits for's every where, 'tis fit
We likewise every where shou'd wait for it.

On the ſame.

HAppy was he, who every night did go
To *Bed*, as 'twere unto his *Grave*, and ſo
Got ſuch a habit oft at laſt, he did
Go to his *Grave*, but as he went to *Bed*.

Of Judgment.

Death terribleſt of terribleſt they call,
But hear behold the terribleſt of all;
For none fear *Death*, but thoſe who *Judgment* fear,
Without which, t'other but a *paſtime* were.
Life's but a priſon, we the pris'ners are,
And *Death*, the Jaylor, brings us to the *Bar*.
Where *God*, the Righteous Judge, to Judgment (comes,
And gives to every one their ſeveral dooms.
Happy the whilſt, who in that dreadful day,
With good *Hylarion* may ſecurely ſay,
Go forth my Soul, this many, and many year,
Th'haſt ſerv'd the Lord thy God, why doſt thou fear?
The *good* and *vertuous* wiſh for death; the *bad*,
And *vicious* onely are of death afraid.

The Pleasure of doing Good.

DO *good* with *pain*, this pleasure in't you find,
the *pain*'s soon past, the *good* remains behind.
Do *ill* with *pleasure*, this y'have for your pains,
The *pleasure* soon is past, the *ill* remains.

On a Ladies Beauty suddenly decayed.

O Heavens! Is this that face that yesterday
We so admir'd for *Beauty*, and to day
'S so chang'd, we can't perceive in all her *face*,
Least sign that ever any *Beauty* was?
If this the end of *Mortal Beauty* be,
O thou *Immortal*, rather unto thee,
That ever lasts, and never can decay;
Let me my Vows, and my Devotions pay,
Than such frail *Idols*, which while we adore
To *day* are here, to *morrow* are no more.

How to bear Neglects.

LEt it not trouble thee, if any wou'd,
Put a neglect upon thee, if they cou'd;
But mind it not, and thy neglect will be
More great of them, than theirs can be of thee.

Of a Happy Life.

WHo e'er wou'd live a *happy life*, indeed,
And wholly be from care & trouble freed,
Muſt firſt ſtand well with *God*, and then with *Man*,
Muſt have as little buſineſs as he can;
Muſt care for nothing that he cannot have,
And nothing others can deprive him of:
Muſt all his Paſſions in ſubjection bring,
And o'er himſelf, at leaſt, muſt be a *King*;
Muſt nothing do, his Conſcience may offend,
But every day muſt think upon his end,
Until, at laſt, h'has ſuch a habit got,
T' expect *Death* every hour, but fear it not.

On the ſame out of Ronſard.

CE luy n'eſt pas heureux qu'on monſtre par la Rue,
Que le peuple cognoit, que le peuple ſalue,
Mais heureux eſt celuy que la gloire n'eſpoint,
Que ne cognoit perſonne & qu'on ne cognoit point.

The ſame in Engliſh.

HE is not happy they point at i'th' ſtreets,
Whom the people does know, and ſalutes (when it meets:
But happy is he who Ambition has none,
Nor others to know, nor by others be known.

Of

Of GOD.

IN vain we seek to know what *God* is since,
He's a vast *Circle*, whose *Circumference*
no where, and his *Center* every where;
Where e'er we seek him then, we find him there;
But what he is, he were not *God*, if he
by Humane *thought* cou'd comprehended be.
So seek the *Heavens* above, th' *Abyss* below,
And World about, and all these we may know,
But *God*, who nor beginning has, nor end,
How can we know? how can we comprehend?
Well then did that Philosopher of old,
Who did the Ebb and Flow o'th' Sea behold;
And restlesly did seek to comprehend
The reason of it, thus cry out i'th' end.
Since I can't comprehend thee, thou at least
Comprehend me; and I shall be at rest.

On a Fair and Vertuous Lady.

TO your fair Sex, y'are best example still
Of following *Vertue*, and declining ill,
Who never stir a foot upon the way,
Without first asking, *What will people say?*
Teaching th'unwary, if they walk not clean,
The fault's not in the *World*, so much as them,

Whilst

Whilſt you as pure, and as unblemiſh'd go,
As *Stars* in Heaven, or *Ermins* on the Snow;
By which great circumſpection, this y'ave got
To ſilence rumor, and ſtop ſlanders throat,
That's always barking after thoſe who do,
Not walk with ſuch great warineſs as you.
Continue then the Ornament and Grace,
You, and your *Siſter* of your noble Race;
You for a matchleſs *Virgin*, ſhe a *Wife*,
The great examples of a *Vertuous Life*.

Of Charity.

O *Charity!* Thou eldeſt Child of Heaven,
To whom th'Inheritance is chiefly given,
Whilſt other Vertues have no part nor ſhare,
But onely as to thee, they ſervants are.
T'one bears the *Light* before thee, t'other waits
Againſt thou com'ſt to open thee the Gates.
Even *Pray'r* without thee, nothing can obtain,
And whoſoever hopes, does hope in vain:
Nay, *Faith* it ſelf, unleſs thou ſets it forth,
Is but a bootleſs thing, and nothing worth.
Thou at the latter day, when all the World
Into the flaming *Furnace* ſhall be hurl'd,
As the *Refiner* ſeveral *Mettles* does,
To try out which is *pure*, and which is *droſs*
Shalt juſt like *Gold*, that's in the Furnace try'd,
Come out from thence, more bright and purifi'

Wh

Whilſt all the reſt ſhall periſh and expire,
In ſmothering ſmoak, and in conſuming fire.

On a Noble Ladies embracing a Religious Life, Eclogue-wiſe.

A Gentle Shepherdeſs, as e'er did tread
Upon the Plains, whereon her Flocks were fed;
Inſpir'd by him, who all good thoughts inſpires,
Felt in her Breſt, till then unfelt deſires
To taſte Heavens pleaſures, ſeeing Earth had none,
A Soul in longing, long cou'd feed upon;
But changing one, a weary of the firſt,
She found the latter *pleaſure* always worſt.
And ſo went ſtill deluded in her mind,
Seeking for that which ſhe cou'd never find.
This *tender thought* with pious care ſhe fed,
And with Religious Education bred,
Giving it now an *Aſpiration*,
After that *Bleſſed Life* to *feed* upon;
And now a Sigh, and now a Tear agen,
For Sorrow ſhe ne'er knew it until then,
Avoiding carefully thoſe *Rocks* and *Shelves*,
On which ſo many Souls had wrack'd themſelves.
Thoſe two extreams, on which ſo many fall
To undertake too much, or nought at all:
For 'tis with new-born Children of deſire,
As 'tis with *ſparks* you kindle unto fire,

O Starv'd

Starv'd with too little Fewel, 'twill not light,
Oppreſt with too much, 'tis extinguiſh'd quite:
And now ſhe's all a fire, happineſs be,
Fair Virgin to thy beſt deſires and thee.
So *great*, ſo *high*, ſo *full* a happineſs,
As nothing can be more, that is not leſs;
Nothing beyond, but down the Hill again,
And all addition, rather loſs than gain.
By glad experience, maiſt thou find all ſtore
Of hearts contentment, thou expects and more;
And learn that *Magick of Religion* there,
Makes every thing quite contrary appear,
To *you*, than unto *us*, *Rich Poverty*,
Triumphant Sufferance; *Brave Humility*,
Soft Hardneſs, greater difficulties ſlight,
Sweet Bitterneſs, and heavieſt *Burthens Light*;
Eaſe in your Labor, *Pleaſure in your Pain*,
A Heaven on Earth, and all things elſe but vain.

On a Dim Sight.

HE who in former times cou'd never brook,
On any thing but what was *great* to look:
His *Eyes grown Dim*, this by t, at leaſt, does get,
He nothing now can ſee, but what is *great*.
This makes him ever ſince his eyes were dim,
Think all this *World*, a little darkſome thing;
And often unto Heaven caſt up his ſight,
In ſearch of greater things, and greater light:

This

This makes him too just like a *Seeled Dove*,
More capable of seeing things above.
And he more fit for Contemplation, is
Of t'other World, the less he sees of this.
Let who's list then, complain of want of sight,
So great a benefit h'has gotten by't;
As rightly weigh'd, and rightly understood,
He wou'd not now see clearer though he cou'd.

The Resolution.

I Who in former times observ'd have been,
Never to talk, but of some *King* or *Queen*;
Nor in discourse ever t'have mention made,
But of what such a *Duke* or *Dutchess* said;
The whilst my chiefest study was to know,
The best and noblest of this World below;
Am now resolv'd to study in some Cell,
Those of the other World to know as well.
That whilst I'm known enough to those are here,
I may not die unknown to those are there;
And may before I die, so happy be,
To leave the World, before the World leave me.
In which resolves, we just like Mothers are,
Who feel some pain, the whilst they children bear;
But all the pain they felt, at last does turn
To *joy* and *gladness*, when the Child is born.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Pag. 16. *Line* 4. *Read* convertit *for* convers't.
Pag. 36. *l.* 7. *read* preſence *for* company.
Pag. 48. *ult. read* ſelf *for* mask.

Page 17. *lines the two laſt.*

And leave them darkly ſhadow'd, and hid
Under thoſe Heads as t'other Painted did.

Characters

Made at Several Times on Several Occasions.

By *Richard Flecknoe.*

London, Printed in the Year.
1673.

To his worthy Friend,

Mr. *Richard Flecknoe*,

UPON

His Characters.

FLecknoe, *thy* Characters *are so full of* Wit
And Fancy, *as each word is throng'd with it;*
Each Lines's *a* Volumn, *and who reads wou'd swear*
whole Liberaries *were in each* Character:
Nor Arrows in a Quiver stuck, nor yet
Lights in the Starry Skies are thicker set;
Nor quills upon the Armed Porcupine,
Than Wit *and* Fancy *in this work of thine.*

W. NEWCASTLE.

To the same,

On the same Characters.

FLecknoe, *who reads thy* Characters *will find*,
That they not onely entertain the Mind;
But with the Mind, even every Sence has part,
Being like rich Cordials to rejoyce the heart:
Or moved Air, that Musick does excite,
With numerous sounds to give the Ear delight;
Or oderiferous Essences, that gain
A gentle passage to refresh the Brain.
Whilst they with such variety are dresst,
As every Pallat finds a Plenteous Feast.
And th' sighing Lover does refuse to look
On's Mistress Eyes, when he beholds thy Book.

W. NEWCASTLE.

OF

Of theſe Characters.

I Have done by theſe *Characters*, as one who plucks down an *old houſe* to build a *new*, uſed ſome of the former Materials, and that is all. The ſubject of them is taken from the obſervations of ſeveral *Natures*, *Humors*, and *Diſpoſitions*; and whilſt I name no body, let no body name themſelves, if they be wiſe. They differ from *Pourtracts*, in that they are onely *Pictures of Mind*, abſtracting from the *Body*, and from *Eſſays*, in that they diſcourſe not, but give you onely the heads of things in general, and that ſo briefly, as every Line is a Sentence, and every two a *Period*, to avoid all ſuperfluity in *Words* and *Matter*. Mean time, I ſtudy more to *contract*, than to *dilate*; and like that *Giant* with his *Iron Bed*, cut off all that are too long, without Racking out thoſe that are too ſhort for it, to gain the double advantage by it, That thoſe who like them not, may be glad they are no longer; and thoſe who do, may be ſorry they are ſo ſhort.

Of a Running Head.

HE has so many *wild fancies* in his Brain, as he is perpetually distracted, and more wilde when joyned with the distractions of the day. His *thoughts* are like a swarm of *Bees* buzzing up and down his head, without *Consistance*, *Coherence*, and *Consequence*; and there is hardly any means to settle them. His *head* is a *Leaking Fountain*, and would be wholly dry, but for the continual currant of his *Running Thoughts*: And finally, the *Figures of his Mind* are all broken and disjoynted, like those of agitated Water, and it is scarcely ever so calm to represent them perfectly; onely as you have seen colours confusedly laid, contracted into some figure by the Art of *Prospective*; so sometimes you may make somewhat of them in *Writing*, when on *Paper*, as in a *Net* he catches his *flying thoughts*; and then you may see they have more of *Democrates* than *Heraclitus* in them, that they more *laugh* than *cry*, are more *merry* than *sad*; And finally, make sport with the World, not for any *ill will*, but for its *good*, and with those in it, for their *amendment*, not their *shame*. A pattern of all which, you have in these *Characters*.

Of

Of a Bilk Courtier.

A *Bilk Courtier* is one who has no buſineſs at *Court*, but onely ſtands in the way of thoſe who have; he goes thither onely, that he may ſay he has been there, and talks as familiarly of all that is ſaid and done there, as if it were not onely of the *Court*; but *Council* too; at firſt he kept back and made one of the common croud, but after put forwards, and became ridiculous: And if I might adviſe him, having no parts nor qualities to make himſelf conſiderable, he ſhould rather remain in obſcurity than appear in *light* of *Court*; and be a *Cipher* any where, rather than make no *Figure* there. Above all, I would councel him to hold his peace before the *Prince*, whoſe ears are too delicate for his *rude Praying*, who like the Aſs in the Fable, ſeeing others familiar with his *Lord*, thought he might be ſo too. Mean time I have more wondred at the deſperate boldneſs of ſuch as he, who having nothing worthy hearing, dare venture on Princes Ears, than at thoſe who having no skill in ſwimming, dare throw themſelves into the ſea. For my part, I look upon it as a thing beyond my depth, and follow that *Italian* Rule.

Il Cortegian inante al Signor tace,
Ou ſia preſto a dir coſa che piace.

Before their Prince, let Courtiers hold their peace,
Or nothing ſay, but onely what may pleaſe.

Of

Of one who turns Day into Night, &c.

HE *is* the *Antipodes* of the Countrey where he lives, and with the *Italian*, begins his day with the first hour of *night*, he is worse than those who call *light darkness*, and *darkness light*, for he makes it so, and contradicts that old saying, *That the day was made for Man to labor in, and the night to rest*; Saying, It was meant onely by Day-Laborers. He thinks that Sentence of *Solomon* nothing concerning him, that all is *vanity* underneath the *Sun*; for all his is underneath the *Moon*; for the *Suns* rising serves him onely to go to Bed by; and as formerly they measured *Time* by *Water*, he measures it onely by *Fire* and *Candlelight*; he alters his *Pater noster*, and as others pray for their *Daily* he prays for his *Nightly Bread*, mean time he fears neither *Death*, nor *Judgment*; for *Death* is said to come *like a Theif by night*, and then he sits up and watches, and *Judgment* by *day*, and then he is a Bed and sleeps; And if they charge him for ill expence of time, he onely changes and it, change is no robbery; so as, in fine, If he have no other sins than that, there is none would have less to answer for, than he.

Ænigmatical

Of our Modern Cenſurers.

WE have a ſort of *Modern Cenſurers*, far worſe than thoſe they cenſure, who would have every one better than themſelves, and look ſo much to others faults, as they have no leiſure to mind their own; who have zeal perhaps, but want *diſcretion* to govern it; and having read, *That the wiſdom of this world, is but folly before God*, would have it a ſcruple to be wiſe; who when they talk of Religion, make others wiſh they had none at all, rather than be ſo troubleſome with it as they are, and cry out, *That of all Devils, thoſe who play the Devil for Gods ſake, are the worſt*; who finally, are as unfit to judge of the Affairs of the World, as the Blind of Colours, or Clowns of *Automicks*, who ſee the motion of the Dials hand *without*, but not the Wheels and Reſorts by which it is moved *within*. Theſe I would adviſe to leave judging others, till they have more judgment, and their *zeal* too, until they have more diſcretion to make better uſe of ſcruples, and be ſcrupulous for themſelves; and firſt mend themſelves, before they undertake to mend the World; and finally, to conſider how the times, by which they take their meaſures are ſo changed, as they now a days, may well be counted *Saints*, who are not wholly *ſinners*, as thoſe who are not wholly *knaves*, may be counted *honeſt men*.

Of a Common Newsmonger.

HIs word is, *What news! What news!* And he may well be added to the Cryes of *London*, with that word in his Mouth; he is an excellent *Embrotherer of Lies*, for any ground serves him to work on; and for a need he can do it, without any ground at all. He deals more with *Conjectures* than *Almanack Makers*, and will venture the repute of a *Lier* twenty times, for that of a *Prophet* once. He wishes more for ill news, than *ingrossers* of *Corn* do for dear years, and is sorry with *Caligula*, when none happens in his time. He runs faster away with a Rumor, than a Pack of Hounds do with a full Scent, and warrants it for true, though it be never so great a lye for his publick news; the *Gazette* with some Comments of his own, are his *Pourliens*; and the *Coffee-House*, the place where he vents it afterwards: But for his *Avisi secreti*, or secret Advice, he has some other *Authors* who deserve to be whipt for their pains, and he too for divulging it, it being commonly the defaming some Noble Persons, taxing of the State, or Rumors tending to Sedition.

On a Dutch Frow.

SHe is cleanly in her Houſe, though not in her ſelf, and kees all her Houſhold-ſtuff ſo neat, as if it were rather for *Ornament* than *uſe*: You may aſſoon get her to ſet the Houſe on fire, as make fire in any Room, but the Kitchin. As or her own Chimney, it is under her Coats in her *Lul-pot*, with which ſhe ſo *Bemackerels* her *Thight*, as you would take her for a *Mermaid*, Half Fiſh, half Fleſh; by which unnatural heat ſhe brings forth nothing but *Zooterkins*. She never travels without her Basket of Provant, or Stivers worth of Nuts or Shrimps, to be cracking or nibbling with on the way. Returned home ſhe puts up all things in the *Cup board*, her *Band*, her *Huke*, and *ſelf* too, when ſhe goes to Bed; where betwixt want of Air and Foggines, ſhe ſtinks like a *Fitchock*. On Worky days, ſhe keeps the Shop, and Huſwives every thing to the beſt; but on Holidays, the Silver Chain and Appurtenances goes on, and her beſt Cloaths too, or ſhe will go to the *Lumbard* for it. In fine, ſhe keeps home all day, but at night takes occaſion to fetch her Husband home from the Tavern, onely to drink her ſelf, where they ſip and ſip ſo long, till they are both *Maudlin Drunk*, and then they go lovingly home to Bed, and ſleep like Pigs.

Of a French Lacquey.

HE is as mischievous all the year, as a *London Prentice* on *Shrove-Tuesday*, and devilish valiant with his Rapier on, but a poor Devil when it is off; and his *Master* at any time may beat him as far as *Cent coups de baston* amounts unto. He lies with the *Dogs*, and they are so often mentioned together, as they call him nothing else, and he answers to it, as to his Christian name. Whatever colour his Livery is on, he wears Mourning Linnen still, and he is no shifter in that, though in every thing besides. He swears and lies naturally, but steals nothing onely all he can lay hands on; and if you lay not hands on him the sooner, runs away with it when he has done; yet for running, it is the worst quality he has: In lieu of which, he vaults up behind the Coach, with as great facility as an *Ape* or *Tumbler* behind his *Master*. What chiefly has marred his running, is his running so often to the *Burdel*, which so *Peppers* him at last as he hates *Pepper* ever after, and makes him so *pest* and give himself so often to the *Devil*, as he takes him at his word at last; and so they go together and agree as well as *Devil* and *Vice* did in our ancient *Comedies*.

Of a Dutch Waggoner.

HE converſes with Beaſts ſo much, as he is become one himſelf, with onely this difference, that he is a *Beaſt Paramont*; and to ſee him mounted on his Fore-horſe like a *Dril*, you would take him for a *Cart-Centaure*, or Beaſt two ſtories high: He underſtands nothing above the elevation of his Pole, and talk of the *Papiſts* what you will, there is none ſpeaks the Language of the Beaſt, but he. They were much out, who feigned a *Waggoner in Heaven*; when with much more reaſon they might have feigned one in *Hell*; for he is more churliſh than *Charon*, more exacting for his fare, and his *Waggon* is juſt like *Hell*, where they are crouded together in perpetual pain, and he lays about him like a Fury with his Whip; onely in this he is like *Phœbus*, or the *Chariter* of the day, that he always brings night with him to his journeys end. In fine, he is a very tyrant when he gets you in his Waggon once, and ſets as many Taxes and Impoſitions on his Paſſengers, as they on their Subjects, amongſt the reſt, one called *Drink guelt*, which he levies on the firſt four places; and were you *forty*, he promiſes to you all. Now whether this be a *Flemiſh* or *Holland Waggoner*, there lies the Riddle, onely this laſt looks big, and keeps more ſtate, as one who may be one of *Mine Heers the Stats* in time, while the other will never be but one of the *Raſcal Rout*.

Of a Novice of a certain Religious Order.

HE is a *young Lover*, and his order is his *Mistress*, who to try his Constancy, makes a fool of him, and puts him to a hundred *Probations*, the more doz'd and be moaped he is, the better still; it is a sign he is right, and has a true *vocation*; and if he have any *wit* or *judgment* of his own, they cry out on him, and count him a very *Reprobate*. He hates all Women, and calls a *Petticoat*, *Leviathan*, and a *Smock*, but blanching on a Hedg, *Astaroth*, or the *foul Devil of Fornication*; he walks with his eyes as fixed in his head, as a dead *Hare* in a *Poulterers* Shop, and crumples up like a *Hedg-Lowse* for fear of effusion: He makes as many stops as he goes, as an old *Rusty Jack*, and winds up himself as often to rectifie his intention. He says his *Our Fathers*, as devoutly as others their *Our Father*, and counts the *Patron* of his Order, the greatest Saint in Heaven. He is as lively after a *Discipline*, as an *Ape* after a whipping, and takes a Reprehension with a *Deo Gratias*. In fine, his Noviciat passes like a *Spiritual Dream*, and towards the end of it he wakes, when he finds *nature* was onely *stund* and not *dead* in him all the while.

Of

Of a Fille Devote.

SHe has such a care of her Virginity, as she takes the wind of Men when she goes abroad, for fear of being got with child, as *Spanish Gennets* are, and brushes her self carefully when she comes home, ever since she *understood* that Man is but made of dust. She is a profest enemy of *vanity*, and to destroy the brood of *Vice*, she knocks the tentation on the head, before it is hatched; for the *World*, she has one foot out of it already; for the *Flesh*, she mortifies it so, not onely in her self, but in her *hotchpot* too, and gives it so strong an allay of *Carrots* and *Turnips*, as there is no danger of its Insurrection; and for the *Devil*, she knows his tricks so well, as that *Devil* must rise betimes who touzens her. She holds her *Confessor*, and the *Patron* of his Order, the greatest Saints; and salutes all the rest, even to the *dog* of the house, with a *Beati qui Inhabitant*; she goes as demeurly as a *Cow* in a *Bongrace*, and dares not cast an eye aside for fear of transgressing the Rules of Modesty. In fine, of her *Faith* there is no doubt, and for her good works, you may have a pattern of them when you please, for she is the best *Poynt* and *Lacemaker* in all the Parish; of which, she gives the Tenth to the Church, the *Pater* has the Gleanings, and the rest is reserved for her own maintenance.

Of a French Dancing Master.

A *French Dancing Master* or *Baladin*, think himself a very *Paladin* of *France*, when he comes into *England* once, where he has the *Regimen* of the Ladies Legs, and is the sole *Pedagogue* o their Feet; teaching them the *French Language*, as well as the *French Pace*, as *Coupez*, *Passez*, *Leve* &c. which they understand as perfectly as *English* He fetches them up in their *Courrant*, with a *he courage*, as a *Carter* does his horses with a whip and makes as many antick postures the while, as *Bowler* whilst his *Bowl* is a trundling. Mean tim he lives a merry life and a long, for they all danc after his *Fiddle*, and his dancing days are neve done. In fine, he is a brave fellow all the year, bu on a *Ball*, or grand *Ballet* night, without compare Now what a Devil 'tis should make us so dote o these *French*, I do not know, that we should thin nothing well done, but what they do? unless it b onely their being *French*, for which reason w may commend the *Pox* as well, nor will it eve be otherwise, till some such *zealous Patriot* as he, ris up again, who hearing them talk of the *Frenc Pox*, bid them call it the *English*, with a *Pe* to them, saying, *We had as good of our own, as th French had any.*

O

Of a very Widow.

SHe ſhoots off *Husbands* as faſt as *Boys Pellets* out of *Pot-Guns*; and one diſcharged, all her care is to charge again. She counts her ſelf not ſo much Widowed for her *Beſome* as her *Bed*, and takes care that ſhould be warm ſtill, when her Husband is ſcarcely cold. Her veil ſerves rather to hide her *Joy*, then ſhew her *Sorrow*; and ſhe is ſo curious in her Mourning Dreſs, as if ſhe rather courted a new Husband, than mourned for the *old*. Yet before company, ſhe ſqueezes out a Tear or two, and makes lamentable moan, nor can ſhe be comforted in publick; but in private, ſhe and her woman laughs at it, and all their diſcourſe is, *Who is the propereſt Man, and who would make the beſt Husband?* Mean time ſhe never remembers her former Husband, but as a *Spur* unto the latter. *With God be with him, he would have done this and this*; and if you do not the like, is as ready to bid God be with you: Nor is there any Love loſt betwixt them, for they ſtudy onely to couzen one the other, and moſt commonly are couzened both, ſhe having made a conveyance of her eſtate *before hand*, and he being altogether as much *behind hand* with his.

Of Poetry and its abuſe.

Poetry was anciently ſtil'd the *Language of the Gods*, becauſe it inſtructed Men in *Vertue* and *Religion*; and then *Poets* were in high Eſteem and Reverence, until by degrees it was ſo profaned by ſome, who taught nothing but *Vice* and *Impiety*, as they converted the *Language of the Gods*, into the *Language of the Devil*, and loſt all the Reverence and Eſteem they had before; deſerving more the coertion of the Magiſtrate, and puniſhment of the Laws than common Poyſoners; for thoſe poyſon onely the *Body*, but theſe the *Soul* and *Mind*; they onely the *Inferior*, but theſe the *Superior* part of *Man*: More ſhame for us the while, that the very *Heathens* ſhould burn their Writings, baniſh their Perſons, and brand their Memories with Infamy, whilſt we cheriſh and applaud them as we do: Nor does it avail to alledge for their excuſe the corruption of the times, ſince it is their parts to mend, not mar them as they do; nor to corrupt their own manners by complying with other Mens. For my part, I dare not venture ſo far, as that *Poet* in *Martial* did; and to conclude, ſhould be ſorry and aſhamed, ſince the *Itch of Lacivious Love is but the Scab of Poetry*, that any one ſhould juſtly ſay of me, I with my *ſcratching*, had *exulcerated* it.

Of

Of a Talkative Lady.

SHe makes you wiſh, that either you were deaf or ſhe were dumb; for there is no hearing her under pain of the Head-ach, and ringing in your Ears a fortnight after. She has an admirable art of Expanding *Matter* to ſuch an airy thinneſs, as to make it nothing but words, and you would ſay ſhe were a voice and nothing elſe; ſince it is onely a noiſe ſhe makes, and the labor of her Tongue not Brain; for ſhe never conſiders what ſhe ſays, and her Tongue moves with as great facility, as *Leaves* ſhaken by the Wind, or rather as *Atomes* in the Air; for it is quite unhung and depends neither on Nerve nor Imagination, but goes at random; and there is as much difference betwixt hers, and a voluble Tongue, as betwixt an excellent Vaulter, who moves by Art, and one who Artleſly precipitates himſelf. So as in fine, a Machin with as conſtant a motion as her Tongue, would be as good as a Purling Brook, or Bubbling Fountain to make you ſleep; and ſhe wants onely the faculty of talking in her ſleep, to make the perpetual motion with her Tongue.

Of a Taciturnos Perſon.

HE is the contrary Extream, and knows as little to talk as the other, to hold her Peace. Fryer *Bacons* Head was a talkative one to his, and betwixt what he ſays and nothing, is little difference. The Wheels of his Tongue, like thoſe of a *Ruſty Jack*, want oyling, and are perpetually at a ſtand: He is like *Pharaceſius*'s Picture, all *Curtain*; and thoſe who think there is any thing under it, like *Zeuxes*, are deceived; yet we have a certain ſort of *Spiritual Pithagorians*, with whom Silence is in Precept, and ſuch *Mutes* in veneration, who count dulneſs Wiſdom, and whoſe Wiſdom is good cheap, if it onely conſiſts in being ſilent: For how can we diſtinguiſh betwixt *Fools* and their *Wiſemen*, if either hold their peace? But ſince they will needs have it ſo, to do them a courteſie, I will believe this once, That he hath ſome what *in him*, ſince I could never yet ſee any thing come *out of him*.

Of an unconſtant Diſpoſition.

HEr life is a perpetual contradiction; ſhe would, and ſhe would not; and do ſuch a thing, yet do not neither, is her ordinary dialect, ſhe differs from the irreſolute; in that, he is always beginning, and ſhe never makes an end; ſhe writes and blots out again, whilſt he is deliberating what to write; and the one is a *reſtly*, the other a *reſtleſs* pain: So you can tell what to make of the ones *Negative*, and how two *Negatives* make an *Affirmative*; but of her *yea* and *nay* together, you know not what to make, but onely that ſhe knows not what to make of it her ſelf. She never conſiders, nor looks to the *end* of things, but onely to the beginning; nor ever ſtands ſtill, but is in perpetual motion. So as thoſe who are of one mind to day, and an other to morrow, are conſtant unto her, and *Saturns* Revolution compared unto the *Moons*. For, in fine, you know not where to have her a moment, and whoſoever would hit her thoughts, muſt ſhoot flying, and flie themſelves whoſoever would follow her.

Of an Irresolute Person.

HE hovers in his choice like an empty Ballance for want of Weight of Judgment, to incline him to either Scale: He begins nothing without consideration, and when he considers once, never makes an end; so, as he, of all Creatures living, would be wiser if he never considered at all. He hath some *dull Demon* that whispers to him still, *Do not, do not*, as oft as he goes about to do any thing, and he plays at, *shall I, shall I*, so long till he loses the opportunity of doing it, when as he committed the fault, he repents at leisure. He always dislikes the present choice of things, as *Scoggan* did the Tree he was to be hanged on, and is an Enemy to Resolution: For the rest, if he be scrupulous withal, though it be on the safer side of *Omission*, rather than *Commission*; and he a *Negative*, rather than a *Positive Sinner*; his *Irresolution* puts him in so many doubts, as to avoid the perplexity he is in; his best course is, if he could resolve upon it, to live under the obedience of a *Superior*, and so to have every thing resolved unto his *Hand*.

Of a Valiant Man.

HE is onely a *Man*, the *Rash*, and *Coward*; but *Tame* and *Savage Beasts*. He is always the same, and *drink* cannot make him more, nor danger-less valiant than he is, who knows no degree beyond clear Courage. He counts boast the Cowards valor, unworthy a valiant Man, and is onely Coward in this, That he dares not do a dishonorable action. Having signalized his valor by some brave action, he sits still, till as brave an one calls him forth again; and as formerly they used the embleme of an *eye* on a *Princes Scepter*, so they may upon his *Sword*, who never fights but when he sees just occasion. Onely in his *Princes* and *Countreys* service, he fights with blind obedience, knowing it his part to obey, and not dispute; and it is equal honor to him, whether he *lives* or *dies* in it. In fine, he is as much *Courtier* in the Chamber, as *Soldier* in the Field: and a hundred times more esteemed by *Ladies*, than your *Effeminate Cowards* are; who whilst he defends their honors, do but dishonor them.

Of a Profes's'd Coward.

HE sets up an *Academy* of *Cowardise*, and is himself the Principal Professor of it. He hath so Schollars, a many *Bookmen*, and but for shame, a many *Sword-men* would follow them. He decrye *Valor*, and cryes up *Cowardise*, saying, This hath done all the *good*, the other all the *harm* in the World; that this hath peopled the World, the other unpeopled it; that the *Devil* invented *Powder* and *Fire Arms* first, and the invention of forging other *Arms*, came from *Hell*: That *Fame* and *Honour* were onely names invented, like *Drum* and *Trumpet* to make people fight; and that *Soldiers*, like *Gladiators*, onely fight to make others sport. *Viva la Poltronerie*, then says he, *Et Guarda l'individuo* Live *Poltronerie*, and take care of the *Individuum* and so he means to do, let *King* and *Countrey* do what they will; and let whose list die for them, he says, he sees not what good he can do when he is dead, mean time others say they see not what good he does alive, who only lives for himself as *Vermines* do: That, who prefers a dishonorable life, to an honorable death, deserves not to live at all; and that his life, at the highest rate, deserves not the hundreth part of the care he takes for it.

Of

Of an Importunate Visitant.

HE is the onely persecutor of Ladies, and next to the *Ten* he is the greatest persecutor: He visits them a Mornings before they are up, and a Nights after they are a Bed; and there is no place so secret, nor time so unseasonable, but he will trouble them; no excuse of *business*, *sickness*, nor *taking Physick*, will serve the turn; nor that you are not *within*, though you your self should tell him so. He enters every where, and a Guard of *Swiss*, cannot keep him out, and so haunts you as to Exercise, and cast him out, surpasses the *Irish* Fryers skill. Within he is their trouble, without their molestation, and every where their *Disease*. So as whosoever could rid them of him, would soon be richer than *Majern*. Many remedies have been sought, but all in vain. Ill usage will not do it, the keeping handsome waiting women redoubles but the access, nor will he take warning by *Marigny*. Mean time, what you will more wonder at, all this trouble is without design, or hope of obtaining least favor from them, who are all as chaste as *Ice*, as pure as *Chrystal*; and they may assoon be drunk in a *Chrystal Fountain*, as satisfie their *Lustful Thirst* in their Company. All which you will more easily believe, when I shall tell you; they are the *Brussels* Ladies, whom for Honors sake I name.

Of a miſerable old Gentlewoman.

HEr word is, *Pitty any thing ſhould be loſt*, and others is, *Pitty any thing ſhould be ſaved, as ſhe ſaves it*; for ſhe hoards up Candles ends, ſcrapes up greece, and is ſo rich in Kitching-ſtuff, as ſhe and her Cloaths are almoſt nothing elſe. Mean time, you ſee ſo much ſordid thrift in her houſe, as would make you forſwear all thriftineſs; and every thing is kept in it, till it be moldy, even ſhe her ſelf. You enter her houſe with no leſs horror, than that the Witches keep their *Sabbath* in; for ſhe ſits purring like a melancholly *Cat*, and mumping like an *old Ape*, when ſhe would ſhew you good *countenance*; and when ſhe would *regal* you indeed, ſhe fetches down a Bottle of Sack as everlaſting as the Widdows Cruſe of Oyl, that had ſerved a Twelve Moneth all Strangers that came to the houſe, with a Box of Marmalad, ſo old and dry, as the *Flies* had quite given it over, in diſpair of ever extracting any more ſweetneſs out of it. At ſight of which, I went away examining my ſelf what ſins I had committed deſerving puniſhment of coming there, and fully reſolved never to commit the like again.

Of

Of a Gameſtreſs.

SOme ſay ſhe was born with *Cards* in her hands, others, that ſhe will *die ſo*; but certainly it is all her *life*, and whether ſhe *wakes* or *ſleeps*, ſhe thinks of nothing elſe. She underſtands the language of the Game ſhe plays at, better than the language of the Countrey where ſhe was born, and can leſs endure a *Soliciſm* in *that* than *this*. She knows no Judge but the *Groom Porter*, nor *Law*, but the *Law* of the *Game*, in which ſhe is ſo perfect, as in abſence of the other, they appeal to her. She loves *Winter* more then *Summer*, becauſe it affords more *Gameſters*, and *Chriſtmaſs* more than any other time, becauſe there is more *gaming*. She gives more willingly to the *Futlers* than *Poor-Folks-Box*, and is never more Religious, than when ſhe prays that ſhe may win. In fine, ſhe would play like *Nero* with the Town on Fire, or *Archimedes* when it were a ſacking, rather than interrupt her Game; and it is all her life, and as ſhe lives, ſo ſhe hopes to die, and go to the *Gameſters Paradice*, where ſhe may ſay *Per omnia ſecula ſeculorum.*

Of a Gallant French Monſieur.

SEe you this Gallant Hermophredit, more valiant than Man in the Field, and more Effeminate than Woman in the Chamber. To give you the deſcription of his life, to the ſhame of all our Countrey *Bumpkins*: He riſes a Mornings, and having ſpent ſome two or three hours in adjuſting himſelf with help of his *Taylor*, *Barber*, and *Linnener*; he goes to the Church of Gallantry, where inſtead of his Prayer-Book, out goes the *Tortoiſe* Comb; the little whiſper, and jolly word unto his Miſtreſs, ſupplies the place of jaculatory Prayers. And for one *Pater Noſter*, he ſays *Ten Miſerere* unto her. Then waiting on her to the Coach, and the aſſignation made for after dinner, he goes home and dines; after he dreſſes again, till it be time to go to the *Promenade* or *Tour a la Mode*, where he ſalutes with *Bon meen*, and has a hundred jolly rancounters on the way; then to the Ball, where he dances with better grace than any, and utters ſuch *douceurs* and delicate things, as it is a very Banquet for Ladies ears. Thus have you his whole *Dyarium* or ſum of his life, till he be old, if he die not in ſome Duel, or of ſome *French Epidemical* diſeaſe whilſt he is young.

Of a meer Libertine.

SHe walks on the Brink of *Precipices* and never fears, and goes as far as any honeſt Woman may do. She admits Gallants freely, the more the merrier, and leſt *ſuſpition* grow up to *rumor*, and *rumor* to *ſcandal*, and never cares. She counts *Fame* and *Honor*, names onely invented to fright *Women*, as *Bugbears Children*, and ſhould be aſhamed to be afraid of them. She does what ſhe pleaſes, and never cares what people ſay; Sups publickly in Taverns, goes to private aſſignations, and is talked of for it, ſhe would be ſorry elſe: Mean time, he who has the Coach, may carry her any where; and who treats her, may intreat any thing of her, except the laſt favor which ſhe reſerves for him, who is to marry her, if any be ſo mad. So paſſes ſhe merrily the *Spring* and *Summer* of her age, till towards *Autumn*; ſhe grows melancholly, and fearfully apprehends the leading Apes in Hell, which is the beſt office ſhe can expect when ſhe comes there.

Of a Coquette, or an affected Beauty.

SHe is the common *Courting-ſtock* of the Town, and more glories in the multiplicity of her Gallants, than a *Lawyer* of his *Clients*, or *Phyſitian* of his *Patients*. She *conſtitutes* the point of *Honor*, in *Beauty*, and of *Beauty*, in being courted and gallanted. She *Paints* ſo palpably, as if ſhe rather ſought colour to *ſhew*, then *hide* it, and uſed the *Trowel*, inſtead of the *Pencil*. She is as dexterous at the *Fan*, as a *Butcher* at the *Fly-flap*, and ever and anon the little Glaſs goes out, to ſee if her Face needs no reparation, which requires as much Patching and Plaiſterings, as an old Loam Cottage that is crumbling away for age; and ſo in time does ſhe, when her Beauty holding out no longer. She affects the Reputation of *good*, and turns *Prude* or *Beate*, or takes up in a *Cloyſter*, and ſo makes *Vertue* of *Neceſſity*.

Of

Of an Engliſh Inn.

AN *Engliſh Inn* is a Houſe of ſo ancient ſtanding, as it is ready to fall down again; and all its gallantry *without* conſiſts in its *Sign*, and Painted *Sign-Poſt*; *within* it is a great Machin of four Wheels, *Oſtler*, *Cook*, *Tapſter*, and *Chamberlain*, with mine *Hoſt* and *Hoſtice*, the main Springs that move all the reſt. For its Diet I will not much commend it, becauſe indeed it deſerves no great commendations, and its *attendance* leſs; onely for the Lodging, it is a great *Feather-bed*, into which you Flounce over Head and Ears, when you go to Bed; and there lie drowned till morning when you riſe. Of mine *Hoſtice*, I ſay nothing, onely if ſhe be handſom, ſhe makes the reckoning but the dearer. For mine Hoſt, he was a jovial Companion in the days of mirth and jollity, but now ſtumd *wine* and *Religion* has marred all his mirth, onely he will make ſhift to be half drunk every day, and on *Market-days* out-right, when he is wondrous kind to his gueſts, which he expreſſes in a Pint of Sack to the *Maſter*, and *Double Jug* to the *Serving-man*, all in order to the reckoning, which diſcharged once, as a Warning Piece, or great Piece of *Artillery*, there follows a whole Volly of welcomes like *Small ſhot* ſhrilly diſcharged from every ſide, and you are diſcharged *too*.

Of

Of a Curious Glutton.

HE counts the *Italian*, the onely wise Nations for understanding the Pallet so well, and calling a *Wiseman Huomo di Buongusto*, or Man of a good taste; he glories much in his skill in *Cookery*, and makes *Sauces, Ragouts & intermesses* himself, which you must praise whilst you eat, or he will think you have no taste at all: He knows when every Meats in season, and keeps a Calender of it, which he observes as devoutly as the *Catholicks* do their Kalender of Saints. He tells you not onely what you are to eat, but how to eat it too; and is angry if you eat not his *dainties* leisurely, and drink not his Wine as Chickens do their Water, with ever and anon lifting up their eyes to Heaven. He is of a quiet Nature and Disposition, hating all disputes, since there is no dispute of Tastes, and for disputation of Religion, so they allow but of eating and drinking, he is indifferent for any one. In fine, it is a perpetual Feast with him as long as he lives, and when he dies, he onely regrets that they have left off Funeral Feasts, else he should have the pleasure in imagination of one Feast more, even after *Death*, which he cannot endure to hear of, because they say there is no eating nor drinking in the other World.

Of a Common Acquaintance.

HE wears out his *Boſom* with embracing every one, and durties his Palm with ſhaking them by the hand. Like a *Spaniel* he fawns on every one he meets, and will needs know them, whether they will, or no. If you but *look* on him, he *ſmiles* one you; and *ſmile* on him, and the *acquaintance* ſtrait is made. He picks acquaintance out of every face he has but ſeen *once* before, and calls every one he has but ſeen *twice*, a *friend*. So little difference he makes betwixt *friends* and *acquaintances*, though there be as much as betwixt *Diamonds* and *Pibble Stones*; of which, you find enough in every ſtreet, whilſt the other is to be ſought all the world over and counted a *Cabinet-Piece* when he is found, but he never goes ſo far, who knows not the dignity of a *friend*, but onely your common acquaintances ſuffices him. For my part, I follow that Rule in making *acquaintances*, *omnia probate, &c.* to prove all, but chuſe the beſt. For your *acquaintances*, it is true, are the materials, out of which *friends* are made, as *ſtatues* out of Wood. But, *Non ex omni ligno fit Mercurius.*

Of a Make-bait, or Sower of Diſſention.

HE is the Devils Day-Laborer, and ſows his Tares for him, or Seeds of Diſſention, by telling you *this and that*, ſuch an one ſaid of you, when you may be ſure it is either wholly falſe, or never wholly true; he ſo alters it with his reporting it. He goes a Fiſhing for ſecrets, and tells you thoſe of others onely to hook yours out of you, *baiting Men* as they do *Fiſhes*, one with another. He is like your villainous Flies, which always leave *ſound places* to light on *ſore*; and are ſuch venomous ones, as even to make *ſound* places *ſore*, with their Fly-blowing them. In fine, they would ſet diſſention betwixt *Man* and *Wife* the firſt day of their marriage, and *Father* and *Son* the laſt day of their lives. Nor will innocence be ever ſafe, or converſation innocent, till ſuch as they be baniſhed humane Society; and if I would afford them Being any where, it ſhould be with *Aniſto's Diſcord* amongſt mine *enemies*: Mean time, my Prayer is, *God bleſs my Friends from them.*

Of a Complimenter.

THe *French* give you a good Etimology of him. A *Complimenter* is an *Accomply Menteur*, say they, or an *Accomplished Lyer*; who lies with better grace and more flourish than other men, and he is well described in this *Quatrain*.

He is a certain cringing thing that stoups,
Just like a Tumbler, when he Vaults through Hoops,
Or Daw *or* Magpy, *when at Fruit it pecks.*
Alternatly their Tails above their Becks.

He is the Rack of Conversation, that sets every ones joynts a stretching where he comes, and had been banished *Sparta* infallibly, for adding so many superfluous words unto the Dialect; it is a new Language added to that of *Babel*, for our greater confusion, to be understood by contraries, so whilst they say, *They are glad to see you well*, they would be gladder to see you hanged; and while they tell you they are your *Servants*, think themselves better men than you. Mean time, all the compliments of our honest *Ancestors*, was a hearty welcome or farewel with shaking you by the hand, and open countenance, instead of the others dissembling smiles Nor will it ever be well with us, till we return to their honest simplicity again, and leave compliments to your more subtle and crafty Nations, who use them onely to deceive and couzen us.

Of a Young Enamorist.

HAving left the *School* and *School-Boys Toys*, next Toy he gets, is a Mistress, whom he courts out of *Ovid*, or some other Latine Poet; and talks so much *Phœbus* and *Cupid*, with so many other Gods and Goddesses, as he seems some *Pagan* never converted to Christianity. If this do not, he whines and cries outright, and sighs like a dry Pump or Broken winded Bellows, til he be quite out of breath, whilst his Misterss laughs at him, and still becomes more coy; for it is in *love*, as it is in *War*, which declared once you are to expect nothing but hostility; and it is with *Lovers*, as it is with *Anglers*, who feed Fishes till they are caught, but caught once, feed on them. So it will be long enough ere she bite at the bait, unless he has more to bait her with, than fine words or lamentable complaints, which make them but more ridiculous, and teaches Women to deny, by not knowing how to demand as they ought to do: And for my part, I am wanting in my instructions, who having never been an *Enamorist* my self, can onely tell them they are out, but know not how to put them in.

It may be said of women in generall viz
that they are spare in their answers
peremtory in their demands & purposes. Of
that their affections are still in the
extreames, either for passionate as by
be counsell to [illegible]

Of a dull Countrey Gentleman.

BY the instructions of his Mother, he comes up to Town to get a Wife, hearing how many rich Citizens Daughters there are to marry; and when he is here, knows not what to say to them; for he sits nodding in company, like a person overwatched, whence they commonly call him the *Drowsie Esquire*; and ask him any thing, and he stares upon you, and thinks you'd sell him a Bargain; nor can you ask him any thing he understands, except about his *Horses*, or his Mothers *Cows*; yet returned to his Lodging, he and his Man *John* have many a dry *Dialogue* about *Wiving* and good *Husbandry*: For he is so miserable, as he abhors the mention of the *Park*, or the *Garden*, or going to *Plays*, or the *New Exchange*, *&c.* And never gives his Mistress any thing above a *Bottle of Ale*, a *Cheescake*, or Pound of *Cherries*, when they are at cheapest. So, unless he be very rich, it will be long enough before he get a Wife; and if he be, a hundred to one, but some Wife or other gets him, and makes an *Ass*, if not an *Ox* of him.

Of an extream Vitious Person.

HIs mind is a Room all hung with *Aretine* Postures, and he is so full of the *Species*, as he is incapable to imagine how any man can be honest or woman chaste. He is so bravely vicious, as he would give any one a good reward to find him out a sin he knew not, and he would be ashamed not to commit it, when he knew it once. He is so immersed in the *flesh*, as all *spirit* is suffocated in him, and he lives not but possest by some wicked spirit, that incites him to all *wickedness*. To say nothing of his *deboichery* or *peccadillioes*, and sins of lesser note; he out-goes an *Atheist* in unbelief; for profaneness has no parallel, and I should offend all *pious* ears to mention his *impiety*. I will say no more then, not to be thought falsly to tax the age, with producing Monsters of Men, whose *Vices* no *Water* can purge, no *Fire* expiate; and whose wickedness were able to call down destruction on a Nation, if it were not averted by some pious in it yet; whose *vertues*, though they equal not the others *vices*, yet with the allowance of *humane frailty*, help somewhat to alcviate the wight at least.

Of

Of a School Boy.

HIs Parents may well say of him, as one did of his son unto his Wife, *That she had prayed for a Boy so long, as he was like to prove one all his life*; to which, much confers their breeding in these Common Shools, where they converse so much with *Boys*, as they are marred for our being *Men*. He speaks in the same tone he recites his Lesson in, and ask him any question out of it, and he looks an other way, and knows not what to answer you. He has nothing so ready as his *Hat* at his Fingers ends, which he twirls about in mighty agony, when he is out and scrapes you such a Leg as Jack of the Clock-house does when he goes about to strike: of his manners I say nothing, for he has none at all; nor is their hope, that he will ever learn, whose head is so dozed with beating, and breech hardned with whipping, as he has neither *fear* nor *wit*, so, as had I a son I loved, I had rather send him to School to *Parish Garden*, to learn tricks with the *Ape* there, than such miching tricks they learn at *School*, which is not to be understood by our *Grammar Schools*, the *Fountains* of *Learning*, but of such *Puddle ones*, of which we have but too many in the Countrey.

Of one ridiculously Proud of his Estate.

HE thinks himself as great a *Signior* for a little Land he has, as the *Grand Signior* with all his Dominions; by which he shows the littleness of his mind, who can think such petty things great, whilst *Alexander* thought all the world too little. He counts every Lordship he has, a several *Province*, and altogether a *Kingdom*, his Tenants his *Subjects*, and himself a very *King*. He esteems and admires no Qualities but Riches; when every Cobler by parcimony and industry, may be as rich as he. He imagines a *Landlord* the highest Title of Honor, and looks the *Clowns*, his Tenants, should honor him for it, as if he were some mighty Prince. Yet for a little addition, he would be content to be first *Minister of State*, imagining he could govern the Countrey as well as he does his House in the Countrey, and is not a little discontented that others are not of his opinion. But however the World goes, it is his comfort he is a *Mamamucho* yet, which is next degree to the *Grand Signior*, at least; in which, whilst he glories and makes himself ridiculous, his friends are sorry, and the rest laugh at it to see him as drunk with talking of his estate, as ever any one was with drink.

Of

Of a Modern Fanatick Sectary.

HE is bred out of the Corruption of Religion, as *Maggots* out of Cheese; and since our last Wars, *England* swarms with them. He Preaches nothing but *Sedition* and *Infatuation*, and whilst others People Heaven with their *Sermons*, he Peoples onely *Bedlam* and the *Common Goal*. They agree in nothing but their hatred to the Church, and all Civil Order and Goverment: They are more familiar with the *Lord*, than to stand on Ceremonies with him any more, and so hate *Gentlemen*, they cannot endure *God* should be served like one. They call themselves *Saints*, but the *Apostles*, onely *Paul* and *John*, and there are more *Saints* amongst them, than *honest men*. They all pretend to interpreting the *Scripture*, and by their mis-interpreting it, justifie the prohibiting such, as they the reading it. In fine, they call themselves pure like him, who being all over durt from head to foot, boasted, that he had never a spot on him; and thank God with the *Pharisee*, that they are not like other men; and in that they say true, for they are worse than they.

Of a Green-Sickneſs Girl.

SHe is like a *Mouſe* in a *Holland-Cheeſe*, her *Diet* and *Lodging* all the ſame; of which ſhe eats ſo long, till ſhe fulfil that old ſaying at laſt, *The weakeſt goes to the walls:* For her diet ſhe outdoes any *Minume* or *Carthuſian*, and no *Nunnery* would hold her; for ſhe can eat her ſelf out of it, and with the *Eſtridge* help, break incloſure preſently. She ſeems *Pigmalions* Image half inlivened; and had *Niobe* been of her Complexion, ſhe had more eaſily been turned into ſtone. She ſeems not of the ſame *Clay*, or *Red Earth Adam* was made of, but of ſome *Whiter Mould*, as *Chalk* or *Marl*, and would make good manure for a Husband-man, if any would venture on her, with ſuch a quality, as if ſhe hold but on, ſhe would ſoon eat him out of houſe and home; onely a *Miller* might ſafelieſt venture on her: For beſides, ſhe is white and much of his Complexion, the Boards of his *Windmill* are not compriſed in her Bill of Fare.

Of an Eager Disputant.

HE has left off *Learning*, to betake himself to *Controversie*, and comes from breaking *Priscians* head, to breaking yours. He thinks it brave to have his discourse composed of several pieces of *Greek* and *Latine*, when it is onely *Cleathing Eloquence* in *Motly*. He confounds himself with distinctions, and his adversary with *noise*, and thinks to carry it by raising his voice a tone higher than his, whilst he labors more to maintain his opinion than the *truth*. Impatient of contradiction, and contradicting every one, he grows outragious at last; and from question of things, comes to question of names, and at last to the misnaming them, calling every indifferent one, *Superstition*, *Idolatry*, and *Abomination*; they being, in fine, such *Disputants* as these, who have so Rent the *Church* with their *Disputations*, and made the breach so wide, as that, which at first, like *North* and *South*, was onely separated perhaps by an *Individual Line*, is become at last the whole *Heavens* distant by their undiscreet going to the extremity of either *Pole*.

Of one who is excellent Company.

HE is all Spiritual and his words like Lightning pass to the *Interior*, without resting in the *Exterior*. He inspires you with a secret *joy* and *chearfulness* beyond all outward *mirth*, and is as far above *Laughter*, as the *Element of Fire* above *Squibs* and *Crackers*. He is like the leading voice in a *Quire*; not all the *Musick*, but there is no *Musick* without him: And as the other makes choice of the *best voices*, so doth he of the *best company*, to whom he is so grateful and acceptable, as they strive more for his company, than in the days of *jousting* and *tornament*, they did for the *prize*. Such a *Jewel* they esteem him, and so great a Treasure they have of him, who is all that they call pleasant and delightful in conversation, there being never any disputing where he is, nor passing the third reply; but all *compliance* without *flattery*, and all *compliance* without *assentation*; so as the *nobler sort* are all ravished with his company; the *wiser* delighted, and every one bettered by it. And he, in fine, deservedly esteemed company for a *King*, and companion for any *Prince*.

Of

Of a troubleſome Kindneſs.

HE asks you with a great deal of joy, when he meets you, *Whether you be, there or no?* And though you have never ſo great buſineſs, makes you ſtay till he hath asked you ſo often how you do, as to make you doubt at laſt, whether you be well, or no. He ſhakes you by the hand, till he hath almoſt ſhaked it out of joynt; and if he embrace you once, and gets you but in the *hug*, you had as good fall into the hands of a Corniſh wreſtler; when he hath you at home, he is troubleſome at Table with carving you, and making you eat whether you will or no, and often drinking to you, with a hundred rememb rances: But if you be ſick, he is troubleſomeſt of all, with praying you *to be well*, and preſcribing you Phyſick accordingly; ſo as you'd give as much to be rid of his viſit, as you are forced to give the Phyſician for his. And this moſt commonly is all the thanks they get, who overdo, and make you cry out at laſt, that half the kindneſs would ſuffice, as he did, whoſe friend helping him up on horſe back, gave him ſuch a lift, as threw him quite over on t'other ſide.

Of your Englisſh Papiſt Aſs.

KIng *James*, of famous memory, was wont to ſay the *Papiſt* was his *Honeſt Aſs*, he might lay what load he would upon him, and he would bear it patiently; but the *Presbyterian* was ſuch a *skittiſh Jade*, as he *kickt* and *winched* at leaſt load laid on him. Certainly, if perſecution be not the nigheſt way to *Heaven*, he goes the fartheſt way about; for every one perſecutes him, and he bears the burthen of every one. Nor will they allow him the priviledge of *Balaams Aſs*, to ſpeak when he is beaten; but like *Horace's*, he muſt onely be patient, and ſhake his ears. Mean time, as one ſaid wittily, [*In the Aſſembly Man*, p18] *They rail at Popery, when the Land is almoſt loſt in Presbytery*, and cry out Fire, fire in *Noahs* Floud. And though the wiſer know them innocent, yet the ſimpler ſort take the *poor Aſs*, for ſome terrible *Monſter of the See of* Rome; as the Major of *Huntington* did a *Colt* for a *Sturgeon*. But let them ſay what they will of him, he is a poor honeſt *Aſs*, who never failed his Maſter at time of need, as many of his enemies have done.

Of

Of a Modern Casuist.

HE is your onely *Conscience-Monger*, and frames it *wide* or *strait* as he lists himself. He can make any thing good with a *distinction*, and mar it again with another. So as his solutions are just like *Jugglers* knots, you never know whether they be fast or loose; he leaves no *Usury*, whilst he makes all *Usurers*, and takes away the *sins of the World*; but makes more *sinners*, than there were before. Amongst the rest, he is so indulgent to his own Countrey Vices, as Fornication is but a *Peccadlio* with the *Spaniard* and *Italian*, and Drunkenness with the *Dutch*; and could he but make the keeping *Mistresses* as lawful as *Wives*, he would have the Benediction of all our young *Gallants*, and *Married Men*. Mean time, the ignorance of what he writes, makes Men more *vertuous* than the reading it; for it being only a *rapsady* of all *Vices* in general, it must needs make particular men more vicious than they were. And here I say nothing of *Confessors*, though they differ no more than *Mason* and *Architect*; the one builds onely according to the others directions, but onely let them look to it, when they come to die, least they meet with some such ignorant *Devils* as that *Lawyer* did, who could not make him understand his fine and nice distinction for his heart; but he would needs *carry* him to *Hell*, whether he would or no.

Of a Gentleman turned Clown.

HE hath wholly forgot he was ever a Gentleman by living in the Countrey, and keeping *Clowns* company, with the reſt he lives ſo unſociable a life, as he ſeems no more a part of the *Univerſe*, than a looſe Stone in a Wall a part of the *Building* or *Edifice*. He is ſo earthly minded, as *Siſera* was not more nailed unto the Ground; and the higheſt you can ſcrew him too, is onely ſome Countrey Farmer, who talks of nothing but fatning Beaſts, and dunging Land. He is niggardly in his houſe, churliſh in his language, and ruſtick in his apparel and behavior; and is, in fine, ſo wholly transformed in every thing, as he indears on Clowniſhneſs it ſelf, who formerly paſt for a pretty Gentleman; ſo as there are many things one knows not what they are good for, but if ever there were any good for nothing, it is he. Onely, as when Horſes of Manage are grown old, they are onely fit to be made *Stalions* of, ſo he ſits at home in the Countrey, and does nothing but get Children; the playing with whom, is all his recreation. And ſo I leave him with them, as unfit for any other company.

Of

Of one who falſly ſtiles himſelf Colonel.

NOt to be Soldier, he made himſelf *Colonel* at firſt, and to eſcape fighting, hath continued ſo ever ſince. Whence he is a *Superlative* without *Poſitive*, and like a *Hovel* all *Roof*, without Foundation. He drank formerly when he ſhould be fighting, and now talks of fighting onely in his drink; mean time his Sword can ſo little boaſt its Blood, as all its Gentility lies in the *Hilt* and *Belt*, and it derives its honor more from the Scabbard, then the Blade. But as Poor Men, when they would ſeem rich, put themſelves to a hundred ſhifts, to maintain their reputation of *wealth*, ſo does he of *valor*; boaſting moſt impudently of valiant acts he had done, when robbing and plundering was all that ever he did. Another ſhift he hath, is by going cloathed like a *Soldier* in *Buff* and *Feather*, like *Æſops* Crow, or the Aſs in the Lions *skin*; out of which, when you ſtrip him once, he becomes as contemptible, as he was formidable before. And now they have found him out, every one laughs at him, nor dares he reſent it otherwiſe, than onely by going grumbling away, and ſaying, *He cares no more for them, then they do for him*; and if ſo, He is the happieſt Man I know of; for no Man lives more free from care than he.

Of a Nice City Dame.

SHe is one your *Cockneys* call a *Beauty*, onely becauſe like a ſick *Turky*, ſhe looks a little Blew about the *Gills*, and is much of the colour of Flaten Milk. All the advantage ſhe hath of a courſe *Countrey Laſs* is, That her Complexion is the unwholſomer of the two, and her Skin the apter to break forth in Scabs She is ſo Dowbak'd, and her Complexion ſo raw, as thoſe who have any mind unto her, muſt have the Green-ſickneſs, or be half *Cannibals* at leaſt; for her Blood is all Whey, which ſhe clarifies with taking Phyſick ſtill; whence inſtead of Children, ſhe brings forth nothing but Curds and Creem-Cheeſes, which never laſt. She is always complaining ſhe knows not wherefore, and would fain be ſick if ſhe knew of what, giving that Phyſitian more who finds her a new diſeaſe, then others would thoſe who cured them of an old. She always longs whether ſhe be with child or no, and her cheifeſt longing is to be of the faſhion; which ſhe muſt be preſently, or there ſtarts up a new diſeaſe, and her Husband preſently cures her of it, finding by dear experience the *Mercers* Book, leſs chargable than the *Apothecaries*, or the *Phyſitian*. So betwixt her being *ſick* and *well*, he is never quiet with her, nor will ſhe ever be ſo untill ſhe be in the Grave.

Of a Bold Abuſive Perſon.

HE talks madly *Daſh*, *Daſh*, without any *fear* or *wit*, and cares not whom he *beſpators*, nor how he *defiles* himſelf. He is the perpetual Satyriſt of the time, whence every one fears and hates him for it. His language is rather *Railing* than *Raillery*; and he is ſo far from his qualifying terms of making things *better*, as he makes every thing *worſe*; and they who bluntly called every thing by their right names, were *civil* and *complemental*, compared to him. It is an argument of their worth, whom he ſpeaks ill of; and of ſome *vice* or other, when he ſpeaks well of them. He is worſe than *Fools* and *Buffoons*, for they uſe their wits to delight others, he to diſpleaſe; they to make them *merry*, but he to make them *mad*. Mean time, though their be ſmall hope to make him better, yet thoſe who applaud him, but make him worſe; and though he be cowardly of himſelf, yet he may be hiſt on to miſcheif others: Beſt way then is to take no notice, but diſcountenance him, & he would ſoon deſiſt. In fine, he abuſes every one with his broad jeaſting till he meet at laſt with ſome as cholerick as he is abuſive, who beats him for his pains, when you will ſee he will go grumbling away, and ſay, *They underſtand not jeſt*, when indeed it is rather *he*.

Of an Exceptious Perſon.

SHe is the Exception of her Sex, not comprehended in any *general rule*, nor can any *particular* one be given of her. She is a Sea without *North Star*, and ſo full of *ſhifting hands*, as there is no *ſailing* in it, without the *Plummet* ſtill in hand. What chiefly makes her ſo, is her ſuſpitious nature, apt to take exceptions at every thing: And when ſhe begins to ſuſpect once, ſhe never makes an end, but like *French* Poſt-horſes, when they ſtumble, never leave till they are down. Mean time, ſhe will never be well whilſt ſhe has any thing lies on her heart, nor will ſhe ever diſcharge her mind of it, and ſuch are leaſt fit for friendſhip; for a ſuſpitious body, like Weapons looſe in the *Hilts*, can never be uſed with any confidence; and that clear Underſtanding which ſhould be with friends, can never be with her; who loſes *herſelf* in the midſt of her Suſpitions, and her *friends*, by miſtaking them for her enemies.

Of

Of one of your New Reformers.

BY his demure Countenance, and demurer Pace, his ſhort *Hair*, and long *Beard*, which he lets grow to Seed; and finally, his Cloaths nigh *Querpo*, and Voice in *Faubourdon*, you would take him for an *Antick*, and perpetual ſubject of *Satyr* and *Ridiculouſneſs*; and what adds unto it, is his ſcrupulouſneſs in *Religion*; for he refines upon the old, and is ſcandaliſed for their leaving ſo many Churches ſtanding ſtill, and ſo many *Croſſes* and *Croſs-ſtiles* to ſtumble the Brethren: But above all, the abomination of abominations is, to ſee ſo many *Popiſh Signs* remaining of *Popes* and *Biſhops Heads*, *Miters*, *Cardinals Hats*, and *Tripple Crowns*, *Fryers*, *Nuns*, *Beads*, *Agnus Dei's*, and the like, which makes *London* look like a very *Babylon*. Amongſt the reſt, in the late times, he pretty well began by changing the *Salutation of the Angel* and *Bleſſed Virgin*, into that of the *Soldier* and *Citizen*, and the *Catherine Wheel* into the *Cat* and *Wheel*; nor had the *Cat and Fiddle* eſcaped him, if they could but have heard it play; ſo as there wanted onely the *Dragon* to kill S. *George*, and *Devil* to tweak S. *Dunſtan* by the Noſe, to make the *Reformation* compleat. With ſuch little ridiculous things, they buſie their Heads, and would make us, if they could, as ridiculons as themſelves.

Of a Buſie Body.

HE is too *Buſie a Body* to have any head for buſineſs, yet he will have a hand in every thing. *Chaucer* ſeems to have Propheſied of him long ſince, when he ſaid,

A buſier Man there nas,
And yet he ſeem'd more buſie than he was.

He always makes it *Holiday* for others, and *Working-day* for himſelf, by undertaking all the buſineſs and like *Æſops* Fellow ſervants, leaves others no thing to do, whilſt he will needs do all himſelf. He commends *Wives*, *Servants*, and *Horſes* to you; for which, moſt commonly, you wiſh him hanged when you have but tryed them once. He labors like a Horſe for you, and then complains of wearineſs, when no body bid him, nor thanks him for his pains. He boaſts of thoſe who employ him, and ſhews their Letters to him, for his own credit, more than theirs. Mean time, he is ſo greedy of buſineſs, as if he ſhould never have enough, when the wiſe know that of all Surfeits, that of *Buſineſs* is the worſt. In fine, he is ſo reſtleſs, as they can ſcarce write *hic Requieſcet* on his Grave, and if ever any's *Ghoſt* walk after they are dead, it will be his.

Of a Tepid Timorous Chriſtian.

HE is not ſo good a Chriſtian as *Nicodemus*, who went to our *B. S.* by night, for he never goes at all, and will venture nothing for his Religion. Like lazy people, who though they lie uneaſily, are loath to riſe: He would fain go to Heaven, but will not take the pains; he knows enough, would he but practiſe half that he knows; and would have others do all, whilſt he will do nothing himſelf. Mean time, he has as many *ſcruples*, as a *Hedghog* Prickles, and juſt like that ſhrinks up himſelf when he feels his prickly brood, and makes the delivery of them more painful, by avoiding of the pain; when with one brave effort he might be delivered of it. So he fearfully apprehends the Parable of the *Fig-Trees* not bearing Fruit, and applies to himſelf his *Nauſious Eſtate*, who was neither *hot* nor *cold*, and would not die ſo for a World, and yet lives as does. In fine, he does nothing of a *Chriſtian*, but lies in the *Ditch* and cryes *Lord help him*, without ſtriving to help himſelf. So the beſt we can ſay of him, is, *He is a Chriſtian in his heart.*

Of a Flatterer.

HIs *Flattery* or *Dog-fawning*, is cheifly for his Belly, and he is one of your loweſt ſort of *Flatterers*. He is all for him who has beſt Wine, and fair *Body* and *Soul*, and all, even to be of the ſame *Religion* with him too, though he be eſpecially for the *Patron*. He commends the *Cook*, ſhakes the *Butler* by the hand, and is familiar with all the reſt of the Serving-men, calling one Father, the other Son, as they are of age or office in the houſe. Then for the Women-kind, he tells the Lady he honors her above all the Women in the World; and the Waiting-woman the like; and not ſo much as the Chamber-Maid, but has ſome ſprinkling of his *Flattery* too. All ſtill in order to his Belly, ſo paſſes he his time, which is onely *Dinner* and *Supper* time with him; and never dreams a nights, nor thinks a days of any other thing: So we may well ſay of him, *His Belly is his God*, and all his devotion is in ſerving it.

Of some who are troubled with every thing.

WHo are troubled with every thing, are like those weak and crazy stomacks; who convert all the food they take into disease, and who trouble themselves with conditionary thoughts, are like those who are sick with bare imagination, they know not how to fear moderately, but run to the extremity in every thing; and when they might make their lives easie, by taking every thing by the *best handle*, they make them uneasie by taking them by the *worst*. He who cryed, when it was fair weather, and laughed when it was foul, was but half a fool compared to them, who always cry out, whether it be fair or foul. Of such stuff as this, the ignoranter sort of people are made; who for want of knowing how much care and thought they are to bestow on things, are so prodigal, as to bestow all they have on every thing; and so becoming Bankrupt at last, they make their lives miserable and irksome to them, and find when it is too late, the truest wisdom is to know how much care and thought we are to bestow on every thing.

Of a Miſchievous Diſpoſition.

HE never finds a *breach*, but he makes a *hole* of it; nor a *hole* in your Garment, but he tears it quite; and where he finds a looſe Stone in a Wall, he never leaves till he has made a ruine of it. He had been put to death by the Antient *Spartans*, and would be ſtoned by the *Turks* now for his cruelty to *Beaſts* and *Birds*; but all his chiefeſt malice is to Man. In whoſe way he lays ſtumbling blocks when he goes, to make him fall, and makes his Horſe ſtart when he rides onely to break the Riders Neck. Mean time, he is worſe than thoſe who at *Hotcockles* ſtrike you behind your back, and then ſtand ſo demeurely, you would think it were not they; for thoſe delight onely in the *ſubtilty*, but he in the *malice* of it. And is worſe than the *Goblins* in antient time, who would do you ſhreud turns out of *ſport* and *merriment*; but this does it in good *earneſt*. And finally, he is worſe than the *envious* and *malicious*, for they have ſome motive for their *envy* and *malice*, and it is onely *perſonal*; but this thorough particular perſons, ſtrike at all humane kind in general. So as, in fine, he is not onely a *Miſantropos* a *Man-hater*, but a *Lycantropos* a *Man-wooſf*, and King *Lucius*, were he alive agen, would give more for killing him alone, than for all the *Wolves* together.

Of

Of Wit.

WIt is *Le point de l'Eprit*, as the *French* call it; or the *Point of the Spirit*, which without it, would be dull. It is no ſolid food of life, but an excellent ſawce or ſeaſoning, if it be not unſeaſonably uſed; it is but the outſide of *wiſdom*, and the flaying *matter* onely for the *words*, is but taking the *paring*, and leaving the *Fruit* behind. Whence *jeſting* is but onely the ſportive uſe thereof, and not to be uſed on all occaſions. Mean time, though it ſeems to confer but little to the more ſerious part of life, yet to men of buſineſs it is like *Muſick* to *Devotion*; which though it divert for the preſent, yet makes them fitter for it afterwards. In fine, *Wit* like *Beauty* has ſomewhat in it of divine, and they prophane either who abuſe them to vicious ends, nor acquired by *Art*, but by *Nature* and *Converſation*, ſomewhat above expreſſion, and ſo *voluble* a thing, as it is altogether as *voluble* in the *abſtract* to deſcribe, onely in the *Concret*, I will tell you what a witty perſon is.

Of a Witty Person.

HE is the *Sparkling Liquor* of the company, others but *Dregs* and *Lees*, and the life and spirit of it, that else would be dull and dead. He is never dry nor pumping, but always full and flowing with conceit; and when he meets with one who can but uphold aside as at Shuttlecock, you would be delighted to see how handsomely they keep it up. He is a *good Man*, as well as a *good Companion*, scorning as some do, to ow their *Wits* unto their *Vice*, and so far a *good fellow* to take a chearful Cup or two; for *Wine* is a good Whetstone of Wit, so they take not so much to whet the edge of it quite away. Mean time, he counts it rather befitting a *Bravo*, than *Gentleman* to use his *Wit*, as his *Weapon* to the offence of any, and thinks *Wit* in those who have not *Wisdom* to govern it, like a Fool on Horsback, or putting a Sword into a Madmans hands. And such as he are onely *Wits* indeed, whilst those whom the vulgar usually call so, are rather out of their *Wits*, such as I shall describe you next.

Of one who Zanys *the Good Companion.*

HE is a *Wit* of an under Region like *Jack Puddin*, grosly imitating on the *Lower Rope*, what the other does neatly on the *Higher*; and is onely for the laughter of the Vulgar, whilst the *wiser* sort can hardly smile at him. All the *Wit* he has, cheifly consists in *Jests* broken twenty times before, or *Stories* worn thredbare, with often telling them, with nothing in them of his own; besides the faces which you must laugh at, or you spoil them too, and put him out of countenance: Mean time, he is never in his Element but in a *Coffee-house* or *Tavern*, the *Bedlam of Wits*, where Men are *mad* rather than *merry*; and there is onely *noise* instead of *mirth*; and there he triumphs with reciting *Play-Scraps* and singing *Bandy Songs*; with so many *Parenthesis of Oaths* between, as he can never come to the *sence* he would be at. In fine, he is a *Buffoon* rather than a *Wit*, and with his broad jesting, abuses men so long, till meeting with some or other as *cholerick* as he is *abusive*, they beat him for his pains when he goes muttering away, and says, *They understand not Wit*, when indeed it is he himself.

Of a Shrewd old Catholick Gentlewoman.

SHe goes to Confeſſion, and leaves off all her *old Shrewiſhneſs* to begin a *new*; and after ſhe has ſufficiently *thumed* over her *Hours* and *Roſary*, thinks ſhe has priviledge to be as Shrewiſh as ever ſhe was before; ſhe chides with the ſame zeal, as ſhe prays, and beats her Breſts at *Maſs*, and *Maids*, after with the ſame ferver and devotion; her cheifeſt devotion conſiſts in Faſting, and it is thought ſhe hates the ſin of the *Fleſh* ſo much only, becauſe ſhe loves *Fiſh* ſo well. Her next devotion is making a Caudle for the *Goodman*, which he eats as devoutly and prays for *Benefactors*. In fine, ſhe imagines no buſineſs can be done without chiding, and her prayers being onely *Lipſtuff*, and wearing out the Tongue, you would wonder how it holds out ſo well; but we are never a weary of that we take pleaſure in, as ſhe does in chiding, though her *Maids* take ſo little pleaſure in it; as what betwixt their leaving her, and her turning them away, you may go twice into the Houſe, and never twice into the ſame Houſe again.

Of an Honeſt Man.

HE is that *Verus Iſraelita*, or true *Iſraelite*, in whom there is no deceit; and you may as ſafely take his *word*, as an others *Bond*. He ſays as he thinks, and does as he ſays, and means well and honeſtly in every thing. His cheifeſt care is to conſerve a good belief towards *God*, a good repute with his *Neighbor*, and a good Conſcience in *himſelf*; and for all the World, would not do a diſhoneſt action, though there were none but his own *conſcience* to witneſs it. He exactly fulfils that precept of *holy Scripture*, *To do by others, as he would others ſhould do by him*: And when there is queſtion to *do* or *ſuffer* wrong, rather chuſes to *ſuffer it*; mean time, he may ſuffer determent in his *Fortune*, but not in *himſelf* by it; and he had rather be a *Sheep* amongſt the *Wolves*, and be in danger to be preyed upon, than prey upon others, and be a *Woolf* amongſt *Wolves*. And though finally, your *Knaves* count him a *Fool* for it; yet they ſhall find in the end, for all their knavery, the onely *Wiſdom* is to be an Honeſt Man.

Of

Of a Rich Miſer.

ALl his thoughts are on getting Wealth, and he thinks all others of his mind, like him, who hearing how *Methuſalem* lived more than Nine hundred years, cryed out, *He muſt needs have been a very rich man*; another would have ſaid, *He muſt needs have been a very good, a very wiſeman, &c.* But he thinks all is comprized in being rich. He thinks *Liberality*, in place of *Covetouſneſs*, one of the Seven deadly ſins, and that ſaying but *Apocripha, Beatius eſt dare quam accipere, It is better to give, than to take*, being reſolved for his part, never to give any thing away. This makes him ſo miſerable, as he counts *Money* his very Heart-Blood, and to pluck any out of his Purſe, were to pluck a Tooth from him. So as, were he as *Coſtive* in his *Body*, as in his Purſe, *Manna* nor *Rhubarb* could never purge him, or make him ſoluble. To conclude, I know not whether *Midas* more deſerved his *Aſſes Ears*, for preferring *Pan's* Muſick to *Apollo's*, or *Gold*, to all other things: But this, I am ſure, he and I ſhall never agree well together; for he looks to be worſhipped for his wealth, and I of all other *Idols*, cannot adore the *Golden Calf*.

Of one who is never content.

HIs *mind* is like those *sick bodies* who turn themselves perpetually in their Beds, and find *rest* nowhere, because they always carry their *unrests* along with them; and if *content* be that which makes a happy life, he who is never contented, must needs live a most unhappy one. He dislikes every thing, and it is not *judgment* but *disease* in him, nor is he *curious*, but *fastidious*. And it is like giving one drink in a *Dropsie* to humor him, yet you must, or he is not contented with you. Think then, how uneasie and unquiet lives they must needs live, who are to observe and humor him; a work much like making a Garment for the Moon, who changing perpetually, you must perpetually change your measures too. Which endless labor, that I may not be obliged unto, nor to follow his *Wild-Goose* Chase, loving mine ease and quietness as I do, I am resolved hereafter not to be whirled about perpetually like a *Weather-Cock*, with every wind of his humor, though I love his person, to abstain from his company.

Of Kindneſs.

THe firſt Earl of *Briſtol* was wont to ſay, That *Kindneſs* was a Fruit which grew no where but in *England*; nor had any other Language a word to expreſs it by. And (to ſay nothing of *Love*) *Civility*, and *Courteſie*, are names derived from *Court* and *City*, and are but extrinſical denominations, friendſhip, and familiarity from *Friends*, and thoſe of the ſame *Family*, but *Kindneſs* from thoſe of the ſame *Soul* and *Mind*, and is ſo intrinſical a thing, as you muſt penetrate the very heart to find it out. It is the fire that melts hearts like Soft Wax unto one another, and the tendereſt part of the *Soul* diſtilled into kindneſs, kind looks, and kind words, are but the ſigns of it, not the thing ſignified, and kindred is nothing to it, nor benefits any thing without it. It is the Bond of *Charity*, and if that be too ſpiritual, of *Love* of *Friendſhip*, and all *Humane Society*

In fine, it hath its root in *good nature*, and produces nothing but *good offices*; and this we had once, when we might well ſay, That *England* was happy if it but knew its own happineſs; but now we have wholly loſt it, and onely retain the empty name. All other Nations having more *Kindneſs*, and agreeing better amongſt themſelves than we, thanks to the difference of *Religion*, which has wholly extirpated it *Root* and *Branch*. But I ſay no more, leaſt I ſhould be thought too partial to other Nations, & too injurious to ours, to exprobate to it the want of it.

Of

Of the Parliament,
In answer to the Ignorant Objections of some Strangers.

THe *Parliament of England* (whatever others are in other Countreys) is onely in nature of an *humble Friend* or *faithful Counsellor* to *His Majesty*, to Counsel and Advise Him for His own and Kingdoms good, as often as He shall please to Assemble them: Nor is this more to limit or bound His *Royal Power*, than the *Sands* or *Shore* does that of the *Ocean*, but onely for its own, and others conservation, or more to derogate from it, than the *impuissance* of doing *harm* or *evil*, does from that of *Almighty God*; which on the contrary, is one of His most Godlike Attributes. They are deceived then, who think nothing *great*, but what is *monstrous*, or that to Raign Courteously, is but to Raign at others Courtesies: The *King* of *England* is as absolute as any *Monarch*, nor is the *Parliament* such a *Curb* or *Clog* to Him as they imagine. There are certain things which seem heavy and burthensome, as the *Wings of Birds*, *Wheels of Chariots*, and the like; which on the contrary make the burthen but the lighter and easier; and one of these things is the *Parliament* of *England* to the *King*; and both together composing that *Harmony of Government*, which renders it sweet and pleasant, both to *command* and to *obey*.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

THe Idea *which I have framed of these* Characters, *is to spin them out into as fine a* Thred *as I can, and then weave them into a handsome stuff. Of which, I find I have fain so far short in many of them, as though it pleased the Duke of* Glocester, *of glorious memory, to say,* Some of them were the best as ever he had read. *Did I not hope to mend them in another* Impression, *I should be ashamed to let them pass in* this. *I pass then my Thoughts through finer and finer* Sieves *of first* Writing, *then* Printing, *and lastly* Reprinting *them before I have done with them; and after all, to think to clear them of all their faults, were to think to sweep an* Earthen Floor *to the last Grain of Dust. I onely then shall undertake the more* obvious, *and leave the rest——But I say no more, least I should be thought one of those who had rather err, and confess it afterwards, than provide beforehand not to err at all.*

FINIS.

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